OUR SPORTING COMPETITION

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 34. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING JUNE 26, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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A Word in Your Ear by the Editor of Brett's Publications.

Being desirous of getting in closer touch with my readers, wishing to know them better and to solicit their help in increasing the circulation of my papers, MY POCKET NOVELS, KEEPSAKE NOVELS, and SOMETHING TO READ, I ask you all to send me your photographs. Each week, I shall publish a number of these photos in my three papers, and give a cash present of

5s.

to the owner of each photo published. But I make one condition. I shall send you twelve copies of the periodicals containing your photo, and these you must distribute among your friends, recommending them to read my three books every week, and to send up their own photos for a cash prize. By this means you will be able to give a photo of yourself to your friends without cost, and to put them in the way of earning some money with but little trouble.

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SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE

a new work on science to "The Modern Man" therefore, we shall not need to emphasise its unique importance. It describes in a non-technical way the progress of science and its influence on modern life, providing reading that is at once interesting and instructive, fascinating and informative. It is a book which should be read by father and son too; indeed it carries a message for all.

The Editor is Prof. J. R. Ainsworth Davis, M.A., and is contributed to by eleven other Scientists of repute.

Among the many branches of science that will be dealt with may be mentioned:—

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Origin of the Solar System
Origin of Mountains
The Ice Age
The Nature of Volcanoes and Earthquakes
The Nature of Matter
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The Physics of Soap Bubbles
The Eggs of Deep Sea Fish
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LORD CHARLES BERESFORD writes to Editor: "I CONGRATULATE YOU."

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 34.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 26TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

CHEEK.

Roberts recently said our Army was a
Alarmed at such a statement, the Army
has taken drastic steps to put matters
They have forbidden officers to wear
ress of an obsolete pattern. Who said
d was in danger?

* * * * * *

of our leading novelists, desirous of con-
ng the well-founded rumours that he is
dvertiser, says that, far from seeking
y, his only desire is to hide his light
a bushel. Might we suggest that a
would do the job?

* * * * *

our War Office authorities know about
matters would, perhaps, fill a pamphlet.
hey think they know would fill the
Museum.

* * * * *

right aeroplane has been ordered by a
mandarin. Darin' man!

* * * * *

n Horsley describes the laity of the
as a very "spongy" lot. It will serve
ght if the next time he invites subscrip-
e laity refuse to be squeezed.

* * * * *

times are changed, and we with them."
ly the aristocracy made the "grand
but nowadays only Labour M.P.'s can
o go globe-trotting.

* * * * *

fering in silence," says Mr. George Ber-
haw, "does not agree with my tempera-
The more's the pity.

* * * * *

go to Brooklands to see motor-races
much faster motor-racing may be seen
n the Embankment free of charge?

* * * * *

of the new British aeroplanes is to be
"Time." Wouldn't it be better to give
more classical baptism of "Tempus
—and pray that there may be something
me after all?

* * * * *

rtain ladies' journal invites its readers to
pecimens of their handwriting, and have
haracter *accurately* read therefrom. It
of this fiendish accuracy which will pro-
prevent many of its readers from comply-
th the request.

* * * * *

ewmarket there is a Flying Handicap for
rs. Should it come to an International
Handicap we understand that the betting
follows: 6—4 on Germany, 3—1 against
, 100—3 against Great Britain (offered).

* * * * *

he New Royalty Theatre "Feed the Brute"
es "What the Public Wants." This looks
uch like putting the cart before the horse.

* * * * *

can see "The Woman in the Case" at
arrick Theatre, but on Life's Stage she is
y invisible.

J. B. PONDERS.

OUR SPORTING COMPETITION.

1st Prize £50, 2nd Prize £20, 3rd Prize £10,

And 320 Consolation Prizes of 5/- each,

OR IN PROPORTION, ACCORDING TO THE AMOUNT OF THE ENTRY MONEY RECEIVED.

This is one of the most entertaining and simple skill competitions ever devised, and we guarantee that it will be conducted on absolutely straight and sportsmanlike lines.

With each attempt competitors must enclose a Postal Order for Sixpence, and all the money received (less 10 per cent., which is deducted for expenses) will be divided amongst the winners in the proportions indicated above.

Half the amount available for distribution will be divided amongst the three whose attempts the Editor considers best, in the proportions of £50, £20 and £10; and the remaining half of the sum available will be divided in 5s. prizes amongst those whose attempts come next in merit.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

What you have to do is to make up a sentence, in accordance with the rules below, the words of which the sentence consists being taken from any of the advertisements appearing in this paper.

You must not use more than one word from any one advertisement, and your sentence must not be shorter than four words nor longer than twelve words in all.

Each week we shall set as a subject with which your sentence is to deal, some topic of masculine or sporting interest.

This week we ask you to make a sentence, in accordance with the rules, which shall deal in some way with the TERRITORIALS. In twelve words you can say something to the point. The winning sentences will be those that the Editor considers most clever.

RULES

(Which must be strictly complied with).

1. Each attempt must be written on the printed entry form which appears on this page. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate entry form.

2. Each attempt must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d. made payable to the Proprietor of THE MODERN MAN. Cross your Postal Order "& Co.," and write the number of it distinctly in the space allotted for that purpose on the entry form. If you send more than one attempt, you may enclose one Postal Order for the full amount, reckoned at 6d. for each attempt; where one Postal Order is enclosed to cover a number of entries, its number must be written on each entry form.

3. All entries for this competition must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, June 29th. The result will appear in our issue dated July 24th, and published on Tuesday, July 20th.

4. The Editor accepts no responsibility for entries lost or mislaid.

5. The Editor's decision as to the winners, and as to all other matters concerning this competition, is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

6. No correspondence whatsoever can be entered into in connection with this competition, and telegraphic and telephonic communications will not be answered.

7. Sentences must consist of not less than four words and not more than twelve words.

8. Each word of your sentence must be taken from one of the advertisements appearing either on the covers or on the white pages of this number.

9. All entries must be addressed to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and the envelope containing them must be marked distinctly in the top left-hand corner with the word "Territorial."

ENTRY FORM. 1

Your sentence is to be written in this column, one word in each line.	In this column write the name of the advertisement from which each word is taken, and also the number of the page on which the advertisement appears.
1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12

I enter this Competition on the conditions and in accordance with the rules mentioned above and I accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Number of Postal Order.....

SPORT'S LIMELIGHT

Honour be yours and fame!—
NEWBOLT.

I was having a between-the-acts drink in a theatre lounge when a short, hard-faced man in evening dress came alone into the bar, and called for a whisky and soda. My friend, the son of a well-known trainer, clutched my arm and stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence. With a covert nod, and much jogging of his elbow, he indicated to me the man who had just entered.

A hush had fallen on other little groups in the lounge also. The little man drank his whisky, lit a cigar, and strolled out into the vestibule, while the company with one accord gazed at his back.

"Don't you know who that is?" my friend whispered to me. "That's—the gentleman rider who always has a mount in the Grand National, and has won it once, to say nothing of the other big military steeplechases."

As soon as my friend mentioned the great little man's name, I knew why everyone had whispered to each other and stared. He was famous for his dare-devil riding and his name was honoured among sporting men.

With him up on favourite or outsider, you could put your money down confident that you were, at least, on a "trier," and the racing crowd had cheered him home on half the big steeplechase courses of England and Ireland.

"That little man," said my friend as the curtain rose on the second act, "is as much in the limelight as the actor there in the centre of the stage, who is drawing packed houses."

THE MAN WHO WINS.

On Derby day there is no man more thoroughly in the limelight than the jockey who rides the winner of the historic race at Epsom. The London papers that evening are full of anecdotes concerning his private life and contain a concise catalogue of his turf achievements. In the same paper you may find, stuck in an odd corner, a three line account of a rescue from fire or drowning in which some brave man risked or lost his life.

Well—who cares?—there is plenty of that sort of thing occurring daily, and sometimes it is not even honoured with the three line paragraph; but the Derby is won only once a year, so let us stick the little mannikin, who steered the winner of the great race, into the centre of the stage, and turn the white glaring lime of publicity on to him alone, throwing all else around into shadow.

Palmam qui meruit ferat! There is only one Derby—there are many lives!

SAVING HIS SIDE.

I have seen a batsman at the Oval stand beneath the pitiless rays of a midsummer sun as breathlessly the spectators watched every ball that went down to him. His side were in a bad plight. They looked to him to save it. All eyes were turned on him. If he made a dangerous slip a tense, quivering gasp went round. You could see it twitching on the onlookers' faces.

He stood there, an heroic figure battling for England against the Australians.

The batsman gained confidence, knocked the bowling about grandly, and finally "carried his bat" for over a century. What an ovation he received as he came off the field! What actor was ever more in the limelight?

Men flung their hats up and cheered lustily. The women and girls waved their handkerchiefs and clapped. You could see each pretty girl leaning over the balcony, trying to catch a smile or some token of recognition from the man who had saved the game.

He strolled off the pitch at the head of the other side, swinging his batting gloves as one who was bored with the whole affair. The crowd of well-dressed spectators had broken over the railings, and a famous veteran cricketer, for whom the crowd was good mannered enough to make way, went up and congratulated the young man.

Whereat there was more cheering; but this time it was of the sort that bursts full-throated from a Lyceum audience when the hero overthrows the villain and vindicates his honour. Limelight again!

It seemed to me that only an orchestra, and a curtain to triumphant, soul-stirring music was required.

I had the honour to belong to a public school that sheltered the hundred yards champion of the Inter-Public School Sports.

REFLECTED GLORY.

In those days I was delighted to be the favourite "slave" of that athletic hero, and when my relations came down to our sports I exhibited him to them proudly. My associates envied me the honour of basking in the favour of his patronage—not that he was a whit the less exacting than the other senior fellows who were allowed "fags"—but because he was in the limelight of our little Stage.

Now, there is that same limelight in all gradations of sport, and a man need not necessarily be a much-photographed and paper-interviewed person to get into it There are men who in amateur football matches, keep the ball to themselves and go in for those long dribbling runs down field which play to the gallery so effectively; there are horsemen who "nurse" a race they have well in hand so that they may win by the artistic and dramatic short head. But too frequently, alas! the footballer loses the ball he should have swung across the wing, and, similarly, the rider often "nurses" a horse too long, and is himself beaten a short head by something that flashes up on the outside.

PENALTIES OF PUBLICITY.

Get into the limelight of sport if you can, but remember that that glare which displays your advantages so clearly, also shows up your slightest defect, the slightest omission in your sporting make-up. Once there, too, in the centre of Sport's Stage, it only needs the smallest loss of your nerve, your touch, or your skill, and the public favour goes, leaving you, like a broken-down actor, always adversely criticised and for ever out of the limelight.

WILLIAM GRAZIER.

BEE-KEEPING IN TOWN.

You can grow your own honey without living in the country. One enthusiast who has a house in Battersea without an inch of garden, has for years kept bees with great success.

There is more to learn in this matter than in most hobbies, and the novice will be well advised to put himself under the guidance of a practised hand.

Don't, for example, buy a second-hand hive, for it may contain the germs of foul-brood, an infectious malady which is extremely dangerous to bees.

Place your hives so that the rays of the rising sun will not reach them. If bees are awakened too early they go out when the dew is still on the flowers, their feet and wings become clogged, and they fall a victim to birds.

Tie a piece of string round the bottom of each trouser leg, and wear a bee mask, when you go to handle the hive.

ETIQUETTE.

XVI. ON BOARD SHIP.

Which will you have, a Dreadnought, the "Husbands' Boat" to Margate, a great ocean liner, or a tiny yacht? It may easily be your lot to find yourself on one or the other, and we'll take them seriatim.

I assume that you will go on board a battleship as civilian visitor, for, of course, naval etiquette among sailors is a thing by itself, and really the only thing you need remember is to salute the quarter deck, that part of the deck abaft the mainmast, sacred to the captain and his officers, when you step on board.

It doesn't matter whether the captain is on view or not; turn towards the quarter deck and raise your hat, and again when you are leaving.

At the same time, don't go on a battleship, or any ship for that matter, wearing boots or shoes with nails in them, or you will make yourself dashed unpopular.

The pleasure steamer: if you suffer from sea-sickness and do not care to take your misery below, get to leeward, that is, the side of the ship away from the wind. And if you are not sea-sick, and are a smoker, take yourself and your pipe or cigar to leeward also.

Don't carry, or at all events don't strike, matches on board ship. On most ships there is a notice forbidding the use of matches (other than the special safety ones supplied on board) and it is not good form to disregard the injunction, to say nothing of the fact that you may endanger your fellow passengers' lives.

Don't on any account on any ship go up on the bridge unless invited there by the captain.

If you go down into the engine-room, remember that the stokers will expect a shilling or two to drink your health.

These remarks apply to all ships, and now for a word about the big liner.

What clothes to take for an ocean voyage is something of a problem, and naturally much depends on your destination and the weather you are likely to encounter.

A blue serge is an excellent standby, but don't try to look nautical by wearing a yachting cap or flummery of that kind. Blue serge, tweeds and flannels are the best wear for board ship, with tweed cap, Homburg hat, straw, or if you are going through the tropics, panama for headgear, and brown or white shoes for your feet.

On most big liners it is customary to dress for dinner, if you are travelling saloon.

Tips are a serious item in the ocean traveller's bill, and the people you have to tip are the steward who waits on you at meals, the cabin steward, and the bath-room steward, with a trifle for the band, and any other person who may have done you special service.

As to the amount, it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule, but if you are a saloon passenger you will not be far out if you reckon on a shilling a day each for dinner and cabin steward (with a minimum of half-a-sovereign) and half that amount for the bath-room steward.

Introductions are unnecessary on board ship, but at the same time don't force yourself on people, and above all beware of playing cards with strangers unless you have reason to know that they are all right.

Yachting: the great thing is to adapt yourself to circumstances and not to expect on a small yacht the luxury and comfort of a great liner. Be punctual therefore for meals, especially breakfast, as it is not fair to expect fresh meals to be prepared for you.

When there are ladies aboard, get your tub over early, and don't go parading about the deck in your pyjamas, thus forcing the ladies to keep below.

Don't interfere with the skipper or whoever has the wheel, and where there are paid hands aboard, respect their privacy, and don't treat their quarters as a sort of free show.

E. H. HILL.

AN EPISODE

E. WADE LANG.

*shall suck the poison
s; the viper's tongue
lay him.*—JOB.

The Viper's Tongue

e wind and the rain
ged down the street,
ed here and there, swirled
weird, ghostly shapes and
minated, howling.
ffected by both but taking
heed of either, a man
along, singing the snatch
song.

was a wild night and very
but what did he care for
! He felt as light and
ponsible and jolly as a
boy. Nothing at all in the
e wide world to bother him
cause him the remotest
nvenience.

cross-examining wife to
unter when he got in; no
lling kids. Just a free,
y-go-lucky young bachelor
w he was, liked by the
and, yes, a bit of a devil
the girls.

ell, what harm did that do? So far as he
w he had never done any sort of harm to
woman. He rather prided himself on that.
girls that he knew and had anything to do
were all up to what's-what. It would
a jolly sight worse man than himself to do
n any harm—now.

nd he had done himself no harm. So long
man took care that his little pleasures did
undermine his health he was all right. And
was sound as a bell, thank goodness!
o wonder he sang.

he song subdued to a hum as he inserted his
h-key in the front door of the house where
had his diggings; but it broke out again
en he had entered his room and closed the
r and was feeling in his overcoat pocket for
ches.

want no other little girl but you—you—you.
've met a few—but no one like you——"
sang, and then the match went out. He
ck another, chanting softly:
want no other little girl but you—you——"
ll at once he stopped, started, and listened.
could have sworn he heard someone breath-
He stood very still, holding the yellow-
ned match—thinking.
The match died out, and again he was in
kness.

his nostrils sniffed. There was a faint inde-
able smell in the room, sickly, rather revolt-

The man scraped another match and lit the
. Then he looked carefully round the
illiar room. It was empty; empty, that is,
any human being save himself. There was
possible place where an intruder could hide.
But that smell! He blew through his mouth
d nose. It was actually unlike a smell of a
own kind. It was more a sensation—a kind
feeling of nausea.
He had felt like that when he had seen the
dy of a dead dog palpitating with maggots,
rling, wriggling, yellow maggots—millions
them. And his hair had felt the same—
dish at the roots.
Giving a laugh at this trick of imagination, he
down to remove his boots.
Half-way through the process he jerked up
head and listened. His eyes roved slowly.
m, as slowly, he turned his head and looked
nd him.
There was nothing unusual to be seen.
Then what was there about the atmosphere of
e place that *reeked*? Was it himself? He
amined his clothes.
But this was waste of time. He did not ex-
ct to find a physical cause of the thing that
ade him want to grimace with loathing. There
as foulness, somewhere; in the air, in him-self, in——

"Bah!" he said to himself. "What am I thinking of?"

He took a step towards the chandelier; then he looked swiftly at the door. What was it that made him doubt whether he would reach it in safety?

"Fool!" he muttered. "I've got the starts."

Kicking off his boots, he stamped in socked feet across the hearthrug for his slippers, put them on, wound up his watch—and looked at the door again.

"I'll go to bed," he said aloud. "I've had a few too many to-night."

The sound of his voice in the room rang strangely in his ears. He waited, listening intently, as if expecting himself to say something else. Had his soul become separated from his body? What a mad thought.

"I'm going to bed," he said again, and his hand went up to the gas.

But he did not turn the light off. Instead, his arm lowered gradually and his eyes fixed, listening. No sound came but the low moan of the wind—like the wail of lost souls, he thought with a shiver.

His hand approached the gas-tap once more, but it was futile. He dare not shut down darkness upon him.

He was afraid!

Those three words hammered themselves on the anvil of his brain. He was afraid. He was afraid to go to bed. He was afraid of the dark.

"Nonsense!" he said suddenly, shaking himself.

Setting his jaw, he made another effort, looking first towards the door to see that he had a clear course.

He was not drunk. He knew that. He was nowhere near it. Too often had he experienced the hallucinations of a drink-drugged brain to be mistaken. Besides, he was able to think with uncanny clearness.

Why shouldn't he turn off the light and go up to bed? He had done it scores of times before and thought nothing of it. It was simple. There was no skill required. Just a twist of the fingers, a few firm steps to the door in the dark, and——

In the dark! That was it. So surely as darkness came something horrible would happen—something unspeakable—something vile, hideous, devilish. The certainty of it struck sickness into his soul. Merciful God! what could he do to escape it!

* * * * * * *

The man sat down again and began to reason this thing out calmly and sanely. Really, he ought to be interested in this phenomenon, this inability of a grown man to go upstairs to bed.

His mind was working with perfect clearness. But the introspection hurt.

How his pals—the boys he had not long since left—would laugh if they knew!

They never would know. As to that, he was determined.

He would die before he allowed them or anybody else to think that he was afraid.

He had his weaknesses, but he did not reckon cowardice to be one of them. Even to think of that was horrible.

And of what was he afraid?

He did not know.

Yet there was the feeling that with darkness would come certain disaster.

Bah! it was nonsense. He would have another try, and if he still couldn't do it, then he would go up and leave the gas burning.

He certainly didn't intend to stay where he was all night—not in that room where some invisible, nameless thing waited only for the darkness to spring upon him and hold him in its fleshless fingers.

If he did stay, soon—soon he would start up, screaming, tearing at his head with maddened hands, his eyes bursting from their sockets, shrieking and chattering like a maniac. He would go mad, raving mad. And oh—the fiendish cruelty of it!—all the time he would know he was mad.

The thing was coming nearer. He could feel its furtive, noiseless approach. The healthy air seemed to divide and recede away from this unwholesome presence.

That odour became stronger—a sickening, loathsome stench, as of a breath from the putrefaction of an universe of indecency.

His eyes roved aimlessly, and his fingers kept twitching convulsively.

Vainly he tried to pull himself together, to fight down this horror.

And the thing was amorous. It glided nearer and nearer; that foulness was its breath—and its fleshless lips hungered for his—formless limbs ached for contact with his—he could feel lascivious hands straying over him——

Oh, abomination damnable and unutterable—he was desired by a thing of evil—the beloved of some bodiless, incestuous female fiend——

Flinging out distorted hands the man rose to his feet with a convulsive cry.

For a moment or two he appeared to fight madly, desperately, with the empty air; his head wrenched back and back as if to escape something that gave him deadly terror; then he crashed to the ground, writhing and knotted like an expiring snake.

He rolled over. The face was purple; the swollen lips issued gasps, while once or twice bubbles of bloody saliva formed on them and burst.

* * * * * * *

"There, there!" the doctor said. "That's better."

The man sat up and encountered the scared glance of his landlady. He was still on the floor. The neck of his shirt was open, and his head was wet.

"Quiet now," urged the doctor, helping him up. "I'll see you up to bed, if you like."

The man went, dazed and quiet.

As the doctor was about to go, a little later on, he called him back.

"What was it?" he asked in a low voice.

Shrewd blue eyes peered at him.

"Do you mean to say you don't know? Have you never had them before?"

The man returned the glance frankly.

"No."

The doctor knew he spoke the truth, and his face became more sympathetic.

"It's epilepsy. Nothing to alarm yourself about, you know. But you'll have to haul up a little."

"Haul up? What do you mean?"

The doctor took a good look at him.

"If this is your first epileptic fit," he said, "there's only one cause at your age. Excess."

"Good God, doctor! But I——"

"Yes, yes. But a man isn't always the best judge of how he lives."

"Will it get worse?"

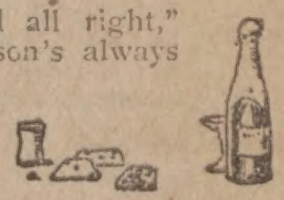
"That depends on yourself."

"Will it—will it always start with—with fancies?"

"Unusual, but not unknown. But there's no need to imagine the harm is irreparable. You'll have to haul up—haul up. See? Good night. I'll look in again in the morning."

He wanted to get back to bed. These casual clients in the middle of the night were seldom remunerative. Moreover, the man who had become a physical ruin through excess didn't look as if he would pull through it.

"They look all right—they feel all right," mused the doctor, "but the poison's always there, rotting 'em away."



SENSATIONS of LEARNING to RIDE.

SHOWING HOW YOU FEEL WHILE YOU ACQUIRE THE ART OF HORSEMANSHIP.

It would be difficult to find the Englishman who does not in his heart of hearts love a horse. His admiration does not stop at considering the horse a good thing to look at; he wants to drive or ride the horse, to make it obey his will. He loves the horse and he wants to conquer it.

It would be interesting to know how many men in this country can ride. There are facilities for almost everyone. You can go to the country and stay on a farm for your summer holidays and learn to ride without expense, or you can join a mounted unit of the Territorials; but in spite of these facilities there are very many men who, though they desire to be able to ride, refrain from taking any steps to learn to do so. The reason in some cases is laziness; in others it is simply that they are afraid.

I have seen a man turn white with fear as soon as he found himself upon a horse.

ABSOLUTELY AT SEA.

The first time you are mounted there is, to the sensitive man, something uncanny about the great heaving beast that he has beneath him. You have seen experienced riders putting a horse through its facings without any apparent difficulty, and the task as you watched them seemed a light one, but you find it to be anything but that.

You imagine that the reins are handles—something like you have on a bicycle—by which you can steady yourself and hold on, and you use them so. If the horse beneath you has a bit of blood, the result is immediate and disastrous, for it rears back, making your plight more terrifying than ever.

Much depends on the teacher who is instructing you. If the man is a brute and makes you trot straight away, you are likely to retain your nervousness of horses for a considerable time, for nothing but the sheerest pluck persuades you to stick in the saddle.

But if the teacher is sensible and makes you walk round and round for ten minutes before he allows you to attempt to trot, you begin to find your balance and to learn that you can sit without steadying yourself by the reins or the mane, and without putting undue pressure upon the stirrups.

THE FIRST TROT.

Let us suppose that this sensible plan has been followed, and that you have put in your ten minutes of walking. Now comes the time to trot.

You feel the most hopeless kind of ass. You try to post up and down as you have seen other riders doing, but the horse always seems to be coming up at the precise moment when you least wish it to do so, and your sufferings, in the physical sense, are fairly great.

Mentally you are feeling very humble and uncomfortable.

You are humiliated by your inability to do what you have seen many younger and weaker men doing. Nothing would persuade you to continue making a fool of yourself if it were not the knowledge that there is no royal road to horsemanship, and that, by seeing the matter through now, you will be able to disport yourself in public on horseback at an early date.

In a word, you regard the riding school at this period of your tuition in much the same way as you do the dentist's chair. It is one of those places where you have to endure discomfort in order to be turned out a more highly finished article.

Most riding masters are diplomatic and courteous, but you feel that yours is acting most inconsiderately in making you trot so long as he does. He keeps you at it for three-quarters-of-an-hour with only an occasional walk to rest your weary limbs, and by the end of the lesson you wonder how you managed to stick on your horse, for your legs are so tired that your knees have lost all power of grip.

But even so you have learned a useful lesson. The very fact that you are unable to grip properly has forced you to ride largely by balance, and consequently you take the right road to acquiring a good seat.

AFTER THE FIRST LESSON.

You have too much pluck to say you have had enough, and you wait till that suggestion comes from the riding master; when it does you dismount with great alacrity.

Once off the horse you feel pretty well satisfied with yourself.

Your clumsiness, being past, does not seem so very terrible, and you remember with satisfaction that many of your friends have never been on a horse, and your self-esteem rises in some degree.

If your school is a small provincial one, you walk jauntily homewards. If it is a well-equipped establishment in a large town, you betake yourself to the dressing-room, get off your riding togs, have a shower bath to take the sweat out of you, and resume your everyday clothes.

You feel pretty fit that night, for the exercise has done something for your health besides the feeling of satisfaction which you experience about having overcome your timidity. Your muscles are not yet sore. That comes next day.

Then you creep to business, aching and stiff, and during the day you feel as sore and irritable as a rheumatic old woman whenever you have to get off a chair or make any other movement which calls the riding muscles into play.

ACHING ALL OVER.

If you are wise and have sufficient pluck, your second lesson takes place this very evening, for there is nothing to cure the tiredness of your muscles like a hair of the dog that bit you.

Last night your chief trouble was in mounting. To-night you can mount all right because you have been shown how and you have not forgotten, but you feel much stiffer than you did at the end of the last lesson.

As you ride round, however, the muscles warm to their work and regain some of their elasticity, and your attention is taken off them by the voice of the instructor, who is urging you to sit up and keep your heels well down.

This matter of heels is to you a wicked trouble.

It seems impossible at first to keep your heels down. You let them up, and consequently the stirrup slips off the ball of your foot till it rests beneath your instep. You wonder why the instructor should bother about this, for it seems the most natural thing to you that the stirrup should take this position and therefore should be allowed to remain there. But, as he points out, if you were riding with spurs on and allowed your feet to take this position, you would send your horse mad in less than no time.

In due course the second lesson ends, and you go through the same performance in the dressing-room as yesterday.

Next morning you are sorer and more tired than you imagined it was possible for a be, but, being game, you have your thi that night, and during it you discover joy that the soreness is gradually wear

From now onwards you begin to ex the pleasures of riding. The musc adapted themselves and your style is dev till by the time you reach the fifth less can sit a trotting horse without the discomfort, and your legs from the knee wards remain, to your delight and the tion of your instructor, quite stationary.

LIKING IT.

Hitherto your instructor has seemed acting and too anxious to push you quicker than you can go; now he seem too slow.

The spirit of horsemanship is rising you, and you want to do everything that done on a horse.

When the command comes to take yo out of the stirrups and trot thus, you resent it, although for the first round or the school you feel that every yard your downfall.

Still without your stirrups, you put you to the canter and discover that you can this way perfectly well without any foot ance.

You have long since been slackening reins till now it is no hardship for you knot on them and let them fall on the neck, and, cantering thus, without re stirrups, you take the round of the school and again till the instructor flicks his wh the horse breaks into a mad gallop.

A HORSEMAN AT LAST.

Then you pitch your body inwards corners, as also does your horse, and rou go in delirious joy and in absolute safety.

You are a horseman now, but you w be an accomplished one, so you have the h set up, get a good steady jumper to tak over for the first time or two, and present find yourself able to take leaps on any that may come to hand and with only a nu on its back.

Some night you—now an expert—see a fortunate beginner taking his first lesson.

You watch him interestedly, but you laugh at him, for you have been through mill and have learned a good many other t in the process besides acquiring the art of ing on a horse.

P. F. RAN

LIARS.

There is just one condition that qualifies in the matter of spotting a liar straight a

It is that you are absolutely honest your

There are all kinds of lies, and there are very white ones, such as the mis-statemen fact that screens a friend. Such a depa from the truth is probably more of a virtue a vice.

The real liar, however, does not indulg white lies. His are all of the blackest. His whole life is a deception and a matte acting.

He is not what he seems. He is constant dread of being found out, and therefore in manner there is an element of caution, a re ance to commit himself.

If you are a liar yourself, your mind has come subtle; it has lost the directness and plicity that you find in most women and children; and, because of this, it is all but possible for you to detect a fellow liar.

If, on the other hand, you are open as day, you spot the liar at once.

You do not need to wait for his look to g shifty, or for him to emphasise an asser with a cuss word.

You do not even need to wait for him to m a statement at all.

You have already gathered from his gen bearing that the man is unreliable, and gather this because you yourself are honest straightforward, and because the man, be otherwise, strikes your inner consciousness once as something strange.

eSportsman's Cycle

HE CAN MAKE IT ST SERVICEABLE.

re is one type of e which best meets equirements of the ity of sportsmen, hat is a light road- This mount, if the t of a reputable will be easy-running, ample means of con- and plenty of modation for lug- These are the three ials of a sportsman's and such a machine ow obtainable for guineas or there-

v for the details. In ver branch of sport pecialise, it is neces- hat your bicycle be fitted with a luggage r, preferably over the rear wheel. it, also, be built on substantial lines, for msy article is no good on the sportsman's ne.

e of the numerically strongest classes of sportsmen is the angler. Devotees of the orial art find the cycle a great boon, for it transforms a weary tramp into a delight- de; to say nothing of the financial saving it effects. The articles necessary for the ge fisherman's enjoyment of his sport are numerous and bulky, but they can all go e cycle, provided they are properly distri- ; and this is a far better method of getting e waterside than walking with them on back.

TO STOW THINGS.

his capacious carrier, then, the angler will it the larger articles of his outfit. These ally include several tin boxes and cans, into some of the smaller things can be packed. e basket which you intend to fill can be across the shoulders or suspended in front handle bar. If your ride to the water is f considerable length, I recommend the position.

ere remains the stowing of your rod. With aid of a couple of straps this can be nmodated along the top tube, where it is out of the way and sticks secure.

the golfer the cycle is a blessing and a s back, or he can take advantage of one ose sets of clips specially designed to secure ag to the cycle frame.

e hockey man is similarly provided for, and ennis player can procure several types of o hold his racquet on the handle-bar. lls, of course, can go into the pocket, or, rably, be placed in a small bag and hung e machine.

AND RIFLES.

en there is the shooting man. His gun is licate piece of mechanism, and needs due ct. Let him go to a first-class accessory r and purchase a pair of good strong rifle These generally fit on the rear forks and ube of the cycle, and, if he exercises due in their selection, they can be trusted to his weapon in a firm embrace.

tip worth remembering to all who carry ements strapped along the top tube, but ially to the shooting man, is that a strip of wound either round the tube itself or the t being carried, saves the enamel to a great nt, and may also be the means of averting ious vibration.

to the photographic enthusiast, I cannot nce affirm that his camera should find a e on the back carrier, as its shape and size ld seem to suggest, for it has to be admitted the vibration there, when traversing loose s, is somewhat severe. To overcome this difficulty, several enterprising firms used to market a special spring carrier, but I have not heard much of them during the last few seasons. If the cyclo-photographer could secure a good example of this device, however, it would undoubtedly prove a profitable investment, for it would obviate the necessity of his carrying the camera on his back, which appears to me an unsatisfactory arrangement.

There is but one place where it must never be carried, and that is in the hand. I have known of many a nasty fall resulting from this all too prevalent practice. The same warning applies to other articles of a like nature, such as books and handbags.

If the photographer employs a tripod, this can be strapped along the top tube, across the handle-bars, or, if only of modest length when closed up, it can be secured on the carrier.

FOR THE CRICKETER.

The cricketer may be concerned about the carrying of his paraphernalia, but if his carrier is really a worthy representative of its species, it will not demur at being called upon to bear his carpet bag. Of course, there is the alternative shoulder strap. But generally it is only one man in the team who is called upon to convey the implements of war to the field, so the many can ride in perfect ease, for the carrying of a favourite bat or pair of pads is a very simple matter. The former can be strapped on top-tube or handle-bar and the latter will find a place on the carrier.

It is meet to conclude this article with a word pertaining to the sporting cyclist's clothes.

While the attire of many sportsmen is suitable for cycling in, there are some whose orthodox togs are very much the other way.

TOGGERY SUGGESTIONS.

The golfer, for instance, is often rigged out in almost cycling costume, while the garb of the footballer and hockey player is unsuitable in the extreme. There is the intermediate as typified by the cricketer, whose rig, while it cannot be termed suitable for cycling in, is at least tolerable and safe.

It will be found better for all concerned if those whose sport demands an anti-cycling costume will make a practice of taking it to the venue in a bag, and donning it there. If this is not possible, wear a short overcoat, so as to render less obvious your present nakedness. From a health point of view, too, it is not advisable to cycle sparsely clad, although, on the other hand, it is better to do so than to ride on an omnibus or tramcar.

O. E. SEYD.

DON'T WAIT.

We have received several letters from readers who inform us that they are disappointed at not finding an advertisement of this or that in the Readers' Sale and Exchange columns.

They wait on from week to week, hoping to see advertised the thing they desire, but in some cases they wait in vain.

The readers who have this thing for sale are waiting also, and consequently neither party gets any forrarder.

Whatever it is that you want, advertise for it in the Readers' Sale and Exchange columns. You are practically certain of having your needs met, for there has not so far been brought to our notice one single case where an advertiser has failed to get a reply, and the majority of advertisers are receiving from twelve to sixty applications.

ON THE LINKS.

SOME GOLFING TYPES.

He has a perfect genius for being put off.

A lark singing in the sky, the whistle of a railway train ten miles away, the colour of his opponent's stockings, or of his caddy's hair, a slow couple in front, or a fast pair behind, the quality of the club whisky, a worm on the putting green, the baa-baaing of a sheep in the offing, anybody presuming to stand within fifty yards of him when he drives, any one of a thousand and one more causes, most of which are perceptible only to himself, is sufficient to put him off his game, and to evoke frenzied and profane appeals to Heaven as to how the blank-blank anyone can be expected to play the blankety-blank game when, etc., etc.

He makes a misery of the game to himself, and often to his adversary or partner.

Closely allied to the man who is always being put off is the pessimistic player. He always anticipates the worst, and usually he finds it.

"My God," he will say when his drive or approach just trickles into the bunker, "I might have known it. If there's any possible chance of finding a bunker you bet I'll find it. Why I ever play the blessed game beats me," and so on, and so forth.

He really does have bad luck. He will play a fine approach right up to the hole, only to see his ball kick on a stray stone and disappear down a rabbit hole. Most men would meet such a disaster with profanity, and our friend does not keep his mouth shut, but his attitude is mainly one of savage resignation, and he is firmly convinced that he is the accursed of Fate.

The golfomaniac: he took to the game late in life, after scoffing at it for years, and now he is a blazing lunatic about it. With him business interferes with golf, not golf with business. His unfortunate wife and family are condemned to spend their holidays at places devoid of any attraction whatsoever, except superlatively good links. They rarely see him, and when they do he is either offensively vainglorious over victory or intolerably gloomy and snappish in defeat.

All the time he talks, dreams, and "eats" golf. He has lost all sense of proportion. A missed putt should in his opinion be an occasion for family mourning. His business may go to blazes, his children to the dogs—nothing matters except golf.

Then there is the player who wants his pound of flesh. He knows the rules backwards, and he insists upon your observing the strict letter of the law. You inadvertently brush your hand along instead of across the line of your putt, and he is down on you like a knife.

Rather more objectionable, however, is the man who takes serious liberties with the game. He is the sort of man who at billiards gets on the table, remarking, "You don't mind, old man," when you most certainly do object to his making sure of a shot which he would probably miss with the rest.

And so at golf he calmly takes unfair advantages, and you don't like to protest lest you be thought unsportsmanlike. He is particularly annoying when, as is often the case, he takes as holed short putts which you very much doubt he could hole if called upon to play them up.

You, we will say, are down in five, and he has a tricky eighteen inch putt for a half, but, instead of playing it, he picks up his ball and says: "Halved, old man," or "You'll give me that, of course." If you insist on his holing out, and if, as usually happens, he misses, then he intimates more or less plainly that you had put him off.

Again there is the player whose one object seems to be to get round the course in record time. Regardless of your gait or game, he tears along at full speed, and usually he adds insult to injury by beating you, who are really put off your game by being hurried and bustled.

His opposite is the slow player who takes ten minutes to address his ball, and then sends it about ten yards.

THOMAS CRAWFORD.

THAMES BATHING.

As a frequenter of the River Thames I have often been struck with the slight advantage which seems to be taken by swimmers of the great waterway.

Bathing in the open is prohibited by the Conservancy between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. except—a fact which is not generally known—for those who wear full rowing costume, that is to say, shorts and a zephyr.

But the facilities for bathing in enclosed backwaters should be far greater than they are.

It is an extraordinary fact that in the 100 miles or so of river between Richmond and Oxford there are only 40 bathing places of any kind, and of these more than a quarter are private, others provided by hotel and lock-keepers.

In fact if the more or less well-provided towns of Oxford and Windsor be cut out, only a score or so of bathing places remain for the rest of the river.

Surely this is a matter for the local authorities to look into, for the expense of running a public bathing place, with the bath ready-made and water supplied, is infinitesimal compared with the advantage to the public health and enjoyment.

UNIFORM AND MUFTI.

Some weeks ago a writer in THE MODERN MAN referred to the fact that the British officer as soon as he gets off duty changes into plain clothes and never shows himself abroad in uniform if he can avoid it.

As was then suggested, this may be largely due to the dislike of being labelled either as an officer or as a soldier at all, but, as a Territorial officer attached for a time to a regiment in a large garrison town, I begin to sympathise with the supporters of plain clothes.

At first I was eager to wear my uniform at every opportunity. I was frankly proud of it, and it was a new sensation and made one feel very important to be saluted by Regulars.

But in a place where every other man is a soldier in uniform and salutes smartly, "bringing up the hand with a circular motion, etc.," a walk even of a few hundred yards through the streets in uniform becomes trying, for the officer is constantly having to return salutes, delivered sometimes at quite long range, from the other side of the street or barrack-square.

In these circumstances, it is hardly to be wondered at that the officer tries to forget for a time the fact that he is a soldier, and to descend from an oft-saluted pedestal among his fellow men.

BOOT-TREES.

To keep boots and shoes on trees when not in use is often regarded as mere luxury and foppishness, but as a matter of fact the initial outlay, and the slight trouble involved, are amply repaid by the lengthened life and improved appearance of the boot.

The trees should, of course, be put in as soon as the boots are taken off, while the leather is still warm, and they will keep the boots in shape and prevent the surface from cracking.

The ideal is to have your boot-trees specially made to the size and shape of your foot, but that is expensive, and many men who are unable to afford it, find the ordinary stock-size trees are practically useless for keeping the boots to the shape of the foot, or relieving the pressure in any one place.

There is a tip by which this is easily remedied.

Use wooden trees, which are always the best, and get some light brass-headed nails of various sizes, such as are used in upholstery, and hammer them into the trees at any spot at which you wish to stretch the leather a little.

This will often save much pain from corns, projecting toes and such things which are galled by the boot.

If you have a very troublesome corn, and want to make the part of the boot that comes above it very easy, you should place a wad of paper beneath the nail, before you hammer it in.

GETTING UP EARLY.

I have just been trying the experiment of getting up very early, and I have found it so pleasant that I should like others to experience the same sensations.

Most men would get up early during the summer months if it were not for those silly proverbs about the early bird, the sluggard, and so forth; these things keep a man off.

If you are lucky the first morning you get up early, you will want to do it often again. Of course, you may strike up against a wet morning; if so, get back to bed; but most of these mornings are very fine and the earth is brighter and the air more sparkling than at any other time.

The practice of getting up early has never been given a fair trial by most people, because any time they have done it has generally been owing to illness either in themselves or somebody else; that is quite sufficient to colour one's outlook.

It may have coloured yours, but do not let this or anything else prejudice you.

Just try getting up at four o'clock one of these bright mornings, and you will discover a new joy in life, priceless in every sense of the word, for it costs you nothing and is worth a great deal.

STANDING DOWN.

Young, just in my prime, and lately timed to do 10 2/5 for the 100, yet I've given up sprinting in public. It happened so.

It was at the famous C—— Meeting, the biggest athletic gathering in Ireland. The preliminary heats had been run, and I lay in the tent, lazily, yet strung up to the highest pitch of excitement, for I had long set my heart on this famous sprint, had trainedstrenuously and consistently since Easter, and it was now July. I was greatly fancied standing on 6¼.

My old school chum, Tom B——, stood on 8. In the trials I had beaten him. I noticed his face had an anxious, careworn expression on it, and his eyes lit up with suppressed excitement as he came over to me.

"Jack," he says, "I never yet asked a favour of you, but now, now—oh, hang it, Jack, I never thought it would come to this—this shame, this loss of self-respect, but I must! Jack, will you stand down here?"

For an instant I thought to strike him, but controlled myself as he continued:

"For God's sake don't think me a cur, Jack, but Sis—the doctor says if Sis doesn't get out of this moist climate within a month she'll d... Think what it means. I'm at eights. I've p... on £7, all I have. If I win Sis lives. If ... lose——"

Words failed him. He turned away his hea... Just then the steward announced our final.

I understood. I could see how nervous h... was on the mark.

Then came the nerve-racking "On you ... mark!" "Set!" and we were off.

I was virtual scratch, and at 50 had no... caught the limit man. At eighty Tom and ... had passed him and were running abreast.

Then the thought struck me: he's running ... for the life of a loved one, and I—I only fo... fleeting fame and empty plaudits.

He won.

As for me, I could never appear before the ... public again. I had sacrificed that glorious ... name "amateur," for an amateur is only an ... amateur when he has always given his best.

PETTY ECONOMIES.

People say that if you look after the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves, but that is a rotten bad principle to pin your faith to, and it does not pay in the end, either in social affairs or in business.

There is nothing that bars a man from becoming popular so much as meanness, unconscious though it may be.

And yet many whose living depends on their winning the favour of their fellow men, do not seem to realise this.

With hotel-keepers and the landladies of lodging-houses this is especially the case.

Instead of studying the comfort of their guests and seeing that their wants are as far as possible supplied, they omit either from carelessness or meanness to supply them with many little things of which they are in constant need, which they will not have thought of bringing with them, and which cost next to nothing.

For instance I have recently been staying for a fortnight in rooms where neither soap, matches nor ink were supplied.

Possibly I could have got them by ringing the bell—which I did not do because I happened to have brought them with me—but that is not the point.

They were not to hand when I wanted them, and it was the merest chance I had them with me. It was evidently hoped that I should use my own, and a demand for them might have resulted in haggling over details which, like most men, I hate.

But, you may say, it comes expensive to things like this are to be supplied to every visitor. As a matter of fact the outlay on soap, ink and matches used by the average man in a fortnight would be about covered by threepence, but if it were more it would be well spent, as securing further patronage.

Personally, I never visit twice a house where I am not supplied with soap, pens, ink and matches, or where a charge of 6d. a week or so is made for "cruet."

These petty extortions and economies are very bad policy, but their perpetrators never seem to see it.

THE FITTING OF BREECHES.

Riding breeches which are made to lace at the knees do not, perhaps, look quite so trim and smart as do those that button, but they have the great advantage that you can regulate their tightness.

The average tailor is inclined to make the legs of breeches rather tight.

If you find that in riding your legs get tired, and possibly even cramped, you should see whether your breeches are too tight or not. It is a fairly good test whether you have to use a buttonhook or not in putting them on.

If you cannot put them on without a buttonhook it is probable that they are rather tight for you. To have the buttons set back a quarter of an inch is a very simple matter, and it will give you much more comfort

PRIZES FOR PARAGRAPHS.

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Send us something really fresh. We can't and won't use dull stuff.

Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned to the writers.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. J. J. Thompson, 69, Lancaster Street, Belfast, for "Standing Down."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MY FRIEND WARING.

By F. BRADSHAW JONES.

the town of Seacliffe, my friend ing has been called everything a fool to a fanatic. It is left to you to e his case.

ow, the circumstances under which I first him were distinctly depressing. It hapd that I had slipped off the boarding platof a moving tramcar, and Waring fell ly on my prostrate form. was momentarily sandwiched between the ghty fatness of Waring and Mother Earth. assisted me to rise.

Old boy," he said, as he knocked the dust of my clothes with a fat and flabby hand, me and have a tankard of beer. That'll put right."

took this as immensely friendly on his part, cottoned to him at once.

ow, there is something about the general of a public school grounded man that I can ct by instinct. I found it in Waring's voice manner, but certainly not in his clothes. e was a short, comfortably-made young man, ssed in a heavy reefer jacket, grey flannel s, turned up above a pair of unsightly brown ts to an absurd height. In addition he wore h-leather tram-driver's gloves, a flaring red and a most supercilious, if genial, expres-

t was a particularly warm afternoon, excesly hot even for a seaside town that was imnsely proud of itself because it held the sune record for the year. At short intervals, we walked along, Waring mopped his face h a large red and yellow pattern bandana dkerchief.

Before ten minutes had passed from the time ell off the tram, I had become thoroughly uainted with Waring. e conducted me into a sandy-floored bar, the ociations of which were almost as low as its oke-blackened ceiling, and together we affed, at his expense, a pint apiece of cool beer of a tankard.

Waring called for the landlord, an unshorn ntleman, who was, in addition, collarless. "What do I owe you, mate?" he asked. The landlord referred to a slate. "Eleven 'arves o' mild as was drunk at your pense by the men at the works, sir; elevenice. And Sam Boulton thought he might ke it an even bob with a packet o' blinders." Waring promptly pulled out a wealthy hand- of gold and silver and paid the shilling with- a murmur.

"Personally," said the landlord, taking the oney, "I thought it rather sauce on young m's part takin' them blinders to make up the en shillin'. I reckon it's handsome of you, it is, to let 'em slate 'arves o' mild to your me—*without* runnin' to blinders."

"Oh, I suppose Sam was broke," Waring served lightly.

"Yes. He always is on Thursdays, bein' an common extravagant kind o' feller. But, all same, it's the sort o' thing yours truly uldn't think o' doin'. I've kept this 'ere pub ur years, and no one can say as I've taken vantage of a drunken bad 'un, let alone a er good 'un like yourself, Mr. Waring."

"Look here, Waring," I said, taking up the ndlord's theme, "whoever these chaps are u're standing daily refreshment to, I wouldn't them impose on you."

"Impose?" Waring brought me up artly. "Impose! Have you any cigarettes on u?"

"Certainly," I replied, offering him my case. Have one."

He disregarded my offer, but opened the cigarie case.

"There!" he said, exhibiting my open case cked with cigarettes. "Why should you smoke ese fat Turkish things at two shillings for enty-five, and begrudge a poor working man s packet of—er—five-a-penny fags?"

"Hang it all," I said, "I was only remarking——"

"Well, don't make remarks like that, old boy. Come to that, who are you that you should smoke these expensive things while your flesh and blood brother hasn't a penny to pay for blinders? Who are you that——"

"But Sam, whoever he is, is not my brother," I put in hastily, "and I don't want to hear any more about his beastly blinders."

I ordered some more beer to close the discussion.

But Waring, finishing off his pint promptly, with a prolonged workmanlike guzzle, returned to the subject again.

"Look here, cocky," he said, "I like you. I've only known you ten minutes, but there's something about you I can do with—absolutely. But it's your class that I don't like. I daresay because you're dressed up in a collar, a black tie with an imitation gold pin, yellow gloves, and a crease in your trousers, you despise the horny-handed son of toil. People of your class want to crush him. You want to sit on him——"

"Certainly not!" I interrupted.

He was getting very red in the face and waving his arms about like a Hyde Park orator.

"Yes, you do! You object to him having a bob on a horse——"

"I don't, and I'm sure no sensible bookmaker does."

"You want to make lackeys of his sons, and slaves of his daughters in shops——"

"Rot! My experience of shop-girls is that they make slaves of what you are pleased to call 'my class.'"

"Ah, you don't take me seriously," said Waring sadly. "Nobody does. And how can they, when my people have engaged the most expensive digs in the town for me? But that's no matter. Come round to this address at seven and have a snack if you've nothing better to do."

He took a stumpy piece of pencil out of a capacious pocket and scribbled an address on the back of an old envelope.

He had to take off his board-like glove to do this, and my eyes fell on an elegant signet ring with a crest engraved on the stone.

He caught me looking at it.

"I can't get it off. Nothing but sawing will do it," he explained miserably. "Boy, I'm a red-hot Socialist by conviction, and—can't you pity me?—*that's my confounded family crest!*"

I left him leaning upon the counter, and trying to smoke a foul-smelling clay as if he liked it.

* * * * * * *

Whoever Waring's people were, it was made very apparent to me that evening that they did not intend their son to get thin while away from home. That dinner of many courses left me a limp inert mass when the cheese had finally been cleared away.

Waring must have felt worse, for he stuck gallantly to his convictions by drinking beer instead of the light wine supplied.

It was after dinner, however, that the last post brought an important looking letter to Waring, and with a groan he tossed it over to me when he had perused its contents.

It was the sort of letter that would have set any right-thinking young man dancing with delight.

It was headed with an ultra-fashionable West-End address, and a black embossed coronet tastefully ornamented the top corner.

It was signed with a family name that held a proud place in Burke, and stated that an affectionate uncle was leaving town for some months and was sending his motor-car down to Seacliffe on the morrow for the use of his nephew.

"Is this your *own* uncle?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes," he replied, flushing guiltily, "but keep it to yourself, won't you? My father is his brother—the Honourable Waring, and all that sort of piffle. Ain't it hard luck when a man's trying to be an equal of his fellows, eh? It was all I could do to get my people to let me go in for engineering—I'm studying at the Power Station here—or work at all."

"Poor chap!" I remarked sympathetically. "My trouble all through life has been to avoid doing more work than is absolutely necessary."

"But what the deuce am I to do about this motor-car?" he went on, miserably.

"Find a garage for it," I suggested.

"Yes. But that's not the point, old boy. Why should *I* have a motor-car to drive for pleasure on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, while my fellows at the works have to walk?"

From that moment I decided to treat Waring as a harmless idiot whom it was necessary to humour.

"You might ask one or two of them to accompany you on little Pleasant Saturday Afternoon spins," I replied. "Mr. Samuel Boulton, for instance—and carry a supply of cigarettes with you, for him. How big's the car?"

"Oh, it would hold about six. I say, that's a rippin' idea of yours! I couldn't take 'em all at once, but they could have turns. Five of the fellows and myself next Saturday."

"Make it four of the works' men and include me," I said suddenly.

"D'you mean it, old chap?" Waring asked delightedly.

"Of course. You seem to think I'm a snob. I'm not."

"Why, I shall make a Socialist of you yet!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

"Never!" I replied. "A red tie doesn't suit my complexion."

* * * * * * *

The following Saturday I was the first of the passengers to board the car, that palpitated and shivered outside the "Shades" bar—a place frequented by the employees of the Seacliffe Electric Power Station.

The Aristocratic Socialist, as half the flippant young men of the town called Waring, held the steering wheel with wash-leather-gloved hands, and he was wrapped in an oil-stained waterproof coat, looking as much out of place in that richly painted and polished car as a coalheaver in a miller's cart.

From time to time Waring referred anxiously to his watch. It indicated a quarter of an hour past the appointed time, but neither Mr. Samuel Boulton nor his friends had appeared.

"Where the devil can they have got to?" Waring exclaimed. "Gad! Surely that can't be Sam Boulton!"

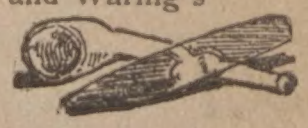
My friend Waring sprang up from his seat.

Approaching us and waving a large and horny hand, was a gentleman in a large and probably very cheap motor cap. He was at the head of three other gentlemen, variously but appropriately attired.

As they came nearer, the offensive creaking of Sunday boots was more than plain.

They wore very high and perfectly white collars, but there was no suspicion of red ties. Sam Boulton, apparently an extravagant young man, had gone as far as a new pair of gloves.

Noting these things, it was only with an effort that I kept back a chuckle, and Waring's



expression was an artistic study in complete surprise.

"The Brotherhood has got itself up to-day," I observed, and the next moment the noble Samuel was addressing me as "dear boy," and was offering me a vile cigar.

Waring proposed a drink before starting, and prepared to get out of the car.

The four gentlemen, however, cast a sneering glance at the humble "Shades."

"No, Mr. Waring," said Samuel, speaking for his friends, "that's hardly class enough. The Royal Hotel—or nothing!"

It was "nothing," for Waring drove them at great speed past the doors of that most luxurious establishment.

That afternoon was a complete success socially of not socialistically, and, while five of the six occupants thoroughly enjoyed that motor spin, the only one who did not was the virtual owner of the car, my friend Waring.

We "tea'd" at an exclusive hotel perched on the cliffs of the fashionable annexe to the admittedly plebian Seacliffe, and Mr. Samuel Boulton acted—as he confessed he felt—like a "reg'lar dorg."

He led our waiter a miserable life for the space of half-an-hour, and then tipped him an amount that represented two and a-half hours' overtime.

"Really," I said to Waring when, the last to leave, I got out of his car in Seacliffe, "I hope you'll manage so that Sam accompanies us next Saturday. He seems a thoroughly sporting chap—a 'reg-lar dorg,' as he puts it."

Waring pulled the lever, and the car shot off suddenly down the road. I watched it until it turned the corner. On the face of the Aristocratic Socialist was an awful scowl.

* * * * * * *

That night I called round at my friend Waring's rooms. He was in evening dress, smoking an expensive cigar, and he greeted me politely.

His dining-room was filled with smoke.

On the fire I noticed the charred remains of a lovely collection of very excellent works on "The Brotherhood of Man."

MEN TO AVOID.

There are some men that one ought to avoid altogether—the rotters of every description—but there are many more whom one ought to avoid under special circumstances.

The "beat-you-at-it" man is at the head of the list.

Let him alone.

The man you want to take on in a good sporting contest is a sportsman like yourself, one who strives against you for the fun of the thing, who enjoys a combat for its own sake and who does not care a straw whether he wins or whether you do. That is the sort of chap that we like to consider a typical Englishman.

The other man, the "beat-you-at-it" man, does not fight for the fun of the thing. He fights to win. There is no need to do him injustice and say that he does not fight fair; generally he does fight fair, but he fights after the manner of the pot-hunter, too eager to carry off the victory.

To cycle with such a one is a hardship. He always wants to race you and to keep you a few yards behind, and, you being game, the run which you intended to be a comfortable afternoon spin, develops into a prolonged and fatiguing race.

With the gloves he is especially to be avoided. Anyone can hit hard if he tries, and if you put the gloves on with a man of this type, you might as well have no gloves on at all, for the matter resolves itself into a common ordinary scrap. It is not boxing, but a fight.

You will come across the "beat-you-at-it" man amongst your sporting acquaintances, and you will find it by far the most satisfactory policy never to accept his challenges or to challenge him.

A NATURE STUDY.

The squally day, of all weathers, is the ideal day for the outdoor man. Particularly is it the day when every prospect, whether of earth or sky, is pleasing, and not even man is vile.

There are burning days when the grasshopper's monotonous grating chatter is a burden, when to move is a trouble; there are days of incessant downpour when only the keenest spirits find pleasure abroad, and there are nondescript days when the hours pass without distinctive interest.

But the squally day brings many weathers in its train, and keeps the mind attracted to its several aspects. On no other day does the longing to be out and to take one's part in the general movement of Nature become such an urgent necessity. A call not to be neglected is heard in the air.

For an hour the sun shines with all its strength, and a rising wind tempers its summer heat. The trees, now heavy with leaves, sing loudly as the air brushes past and over them, and brings down the last of winter's dead wood with crash and creak.

To climb a hill, or better still, a tree, on such a day, is to taste extraordinary sensations of excitement. You feel yourself a part of all the movement. You sway to and fro with every gust, you grow expectant and subdued, and when from far across the land the isolated local shower drives over you, it lashes with a fury that is more usual in winter than at this summer time.

To watch a spreading landscape change from light to shade, from shower to sunshine, is a fascinating, lazy occupation. Far away on the hills bounding your horizon you can trace the patchy sunshine racing over field and wood, catching a cottage window here and there, and sending out a glittering beam that can be seen for miles across the valley, like the message of a flashing heliograph.

Tiny storm centres develop all around, divided by patches of clear sky that guarantee our immunity from a general downpour. The wind grows gusty and intermittent, rising higher and higher.

In the brief intervals of unclouded sky, when the sun for a moment regains his supremacy, the rooks leave their nests in the billowy elms and wheel round and round, snatching their playtime whenever the rain and wind permit.

Their cries come across the valley on the windy air. There is no trace of haze, and the most distant objects stand clearly out. The roadside trees and hedges are washed clean of dust from passing motor-cars, that now career along without their usual trail of stifling grit.

Towards evening the boisterous wind dies down, and the sky begins to clear. A lurid sunset closes the day's wild doings, and when darkness falls only the faintest traces of the clashing elements remain.

The roads are strewn with leafy twigs caught in the squall and whisked off the stouter branches.

Far into the night the low boom of distant thunder vibrates intermittently in the quiet air, and round the hill-tops in the wake of the wind the flicker of sheet lightning now and again shows up the ridge of land and lights the outlines of the departing clouds. C. EASTON-GRAY.

UNDER THE MASK OF NIGHT.

A LONDON EPISODE.

"You haven't got the rent; go and earn i
The harsh voice ceased, the door was slam
behind her, and the girl with frightened
was homeless, standing in a London street
The girl had been brought up in a secl
country home, hedged in with loving care
a bank failure had left her and her mo
almost penniless. They had migrated to
don, the Mecca of the hopeless as well as
hopeful. After a hard struggle Mrs. Ve
had found the only peace poverty dares to c
on, and the girl was left alone.

She went westward, for the dusk was dee
ing into night.

A man spoke to her. She gave one look
the satyr-like face and fled. There was
Then a thought struck her.
grave in an ugly London cemetery.

She reached the gates; they were clo
Where the dead lie is no sanctuary for the liv
in the finest city in the world. She wande
with aimless feet. At midnight she was b
where the bats flit.

They faded by her with their sad and pain
faces, their costly clothes, and their perfu
half mould half rose, made her feel sick.
She was at Piccadilly Circus. She looke
at the sky; that was calm and pure.

She stood in the shadow of the founta
which might be appropriately called the Fo
tain of Tears.

Then suddenly one of the members of the s
dest sisterhood on earth detached herself fr
the others, and drifted towards the girl.

The girl who was tempted to cross the Ru
con, and the woman who had crossed it lo
since, stood side by side.

It was a beautiful face that the girl saw.
its possessor that beauty had been a curse. N
the spoiler's hand had left its ravages, but
mask of night was on her cheek, and the
saw only the miserable radiant eyes, the ha
red smiling mouth.

Then the incarnation of the sex problem
which is to be solved when the human race
different from what it is to-day, spoke, and h
voice was sweet and soft, with all the grey a
the dusk of the bats in it.

"Child, this is no place for you. You a
not one of us; thank God for it. Here is wh
will keep you until brighter days dawn, and
the memory of me should cross your mind, the
ora pro me."

A purse was pressed into the girl's hands.
whiff of patchouli, a faint sigh, and she
faded into the darkness of the night.

Once more vice had succoured virtue. Tru
this woman, like her of the old Bible story, ha
done what she could!

* * * * * *

That was the turning point in her life.
She found lucrative employment. The wages
of sin, which another had earned, brought he
luck. As time went on, she became a happ
wife and mother.

But sometimes when she walks in the dea
old-fashioned garden which is part of her home,
in the soft grey dusk, and the stars twinkle be
hind a misty veil and the bats come out,
memory conjures up a picture of the two women
whom she knew in the days that have vanished.

One was an honest woman who kept a re
spectable house, and who cast her adrift to sink
or rise on a sea of shame.

The other was sin-stained, but she held out
hands to save her from falling.

Above the sweet scents of the old world
flowers, rises the scent of patchouli. The cool
evening breeze changes to a human sigh. The
soft grey dusk fashions itself into the semblance
of the phantom that flitted around the Fountain
of Tears.

"*Ora pro me.*"

It was the Magdalen who had kept the
Madonna on her pedestal. A. M. STEWART.

...TORY OF AN AWAKENING.

...JOHN OXON.

...hanger-on of the ...e of artists and jour... ...sed to make their headquarters at ... tavern within a biscuit-throw ... It was a dark, sand-floored, ...nnily place, dating from an even pre-...era, oak-wainscotted, with high ...everything solid, ancient and English. ...of natural instinct some dozen or ...had gravitated, one by one, to this ...ancient shadows and resolved ourselves ...informal brotherhood.

...and thoughts. I am inclined to believe ...natural instinct is capable of rather ...ugly, and that it proceeded, as do most ...instincts, from a mixture of tastes and ...visible and less noble, mundane and ...fleshly and intellectual.

...y, we found there the opportunity to con... ...with kindred souls on the subjects com... ...the lives of all of us, and this in ...saturated with the atmosphere of ...and more restful world.

...at once democratic and exclusive. ...had attained high worldly honour in ...of our careers; others, scarcely less ...somehow missed the way which ...and publicity, and those golden ...society offers to its gods. But ...the portals we were equals, all ad... ...trappings forgotten and left behind.

...Fields, R.A., rubbed shoulders and ...with Sandy Jarvis as with a ...beloved friend. Fields was one of ...sculptors of his day, and Jarvis got ...precarious livelihood as a magazine

...a higher plane they were one. Fields ...in the morning have received a commis... ...om Sir Alphæus Smithers, K.C.B., which ...represent Jarvis's earnings for ten years, ...meeting they met on a footing of

...s fraternity the youth had been intro... ...of our members who had some ...acquaintance with him at Oxford. ...rather take to him at first. He ...rather weak about the ...watery about the eyes, rather ...complexion, with stooping car... ...lounging gait, and occasionally a ...affectatious manner which went ill with

...evidently been a mother's darling, and, ...informed anyone who cared to listen, had, ...leaving the university, "come up to town ...something in the art line, you know. No, ...studied abroad or anything of that sort. ...all they that a man needs is just ...his confidence, rig up a studio of his ...own, you know—just go ahead

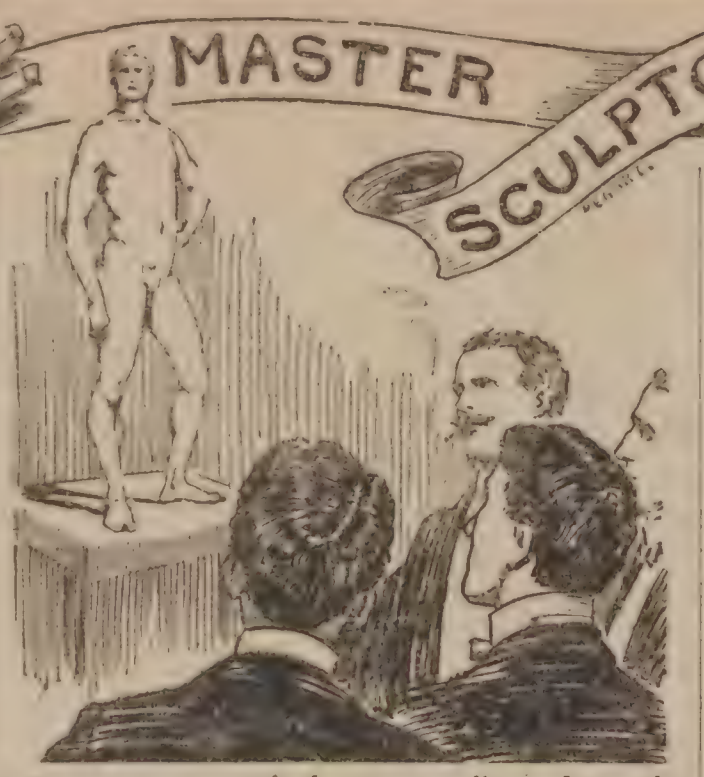
...my dear fellow"—as he once in... ...fact is, it's bound to come out, don't you ...and that's just what I've always felt ...myself. Now take your own case. There ...studied at Kensington, you know— ...got a travelling studentship, ...and all that—and then you ...up in London to work upon ...Now, that wouldn't suit me ...is—of course you may think ...being a bit——"

...point Jarvis, who had been eyeing him ...wicked look for some moments, inter... ...the flow of verbosity by quietly remark... ...Just so, my dear boy, and dogmatism, ...all know, is puppyism grown up. No ...you've got it bad."

...for all this, there was something about ...which impelled my respect, not for the con... ...insanity which he was, but for the man ...he might become. His lips might have ...appearance of weakness, but his jaw gave ...of underlying strength.

...he had once interposed to pro-

THE MASTER SCULPTOR



tect a poor wretched street-walker from the violence of a bully. His sole reward was a punch on the jaw and a contusion on the nose which made it advisable to keep his chambers for a fortnight on the plea of influenza. From further punishment he was saved by the timely arrival of a six-foot constable. But it showed a pluck, a manliness hitherto unsuspected.

Had his circumstances been less easy, had he had to fight the battle of his career for himself, he might have gone a long way. As it was, his only hope lay in being stung into taking himself severely in hand.

Had he sufficient force of will to do this? I thought so. The rest said no. Time and circumstances would bring the matter to the test.

One night a couple of years after he had first enlightened us with his presence, he gave a dinner at his rooms, to permit us the opportunity of a first view of his "masterpiece." It was a study of Apollo and intended, of course, for the Academy.

Jarvis gave it a glance and remarked that he'd seen some things in the Academy very like it, but I didn't like Jarvis's tone when he said it. The rest received it in dead silence. Perhaps the sculptor regarded this as the tribute of a spell-bound admiration.

When I used the term "dead silence" I was guilty of a slight inaccuracy. Three men made gallant and polite attempts to choke down a very real emotion. But it was too much.

To hurt a man's feelings on his own premises is the height of indelicacy, and we rather prided ourselves, Bohemians as we were, on mannerliless to outsiders, and as something of an outsider we had always regarded him. But for a fledgling in art, an untrained amateur, to bring together a jury of a dozen fellows, artists or artcritics every one, to gaze upon a botched abortion of statuary, which a music-hall clay modeller might have produced in ten minutes: for him to stand there in the presence of the said fellows and of this pitiable abomination, obviously expectant of the plaudits which must, in his egotistic credulity, be showered upon him—the situation was too absurd. We roared.

Needless to say, the moment we divined how much it had hurt him, we recovered ourselves.

He had pulled himself up, trembling with passion and humiliation, the semblance of a blaze in his watery eyes, his chest, or at least the part of his anatomy which would in another man have probably been a chest, heaving with rage, his hands shaking.

He took a moment—a few moments—to recover himself, and he tried to speak. Then I saw his expression form in firmer lines than I had yet beheld.

Mastering himself he said in a quiet, cold voice: "Gentlemen, I have tried. Apparently I have failed. I accept defeat. Your judgment shall be final. Before you leave my rooms you shall see me destroy a work which I trusted should bring me fame"—here his voice failed him a bit, and he stopped to clear his throat—"a work on which I have expended much labour.

"But, gentlemen, I am defeated to conquer. I now ask you to accept my invitation for another dinner in these chambers, this night three years. I trust, gentlemen, that you may all be spared to be present. You will be here for the purpose of passing your criticism upon another work which I have already begun to take in hand. The model whom I employed for my Apollo gave me the suggestion. This time I shall not fail. You shall yet, gentlemen, pronounce me a Master Sculptor.

"I need now scarcely detain you further, except to see me consign to final oblivion an object which has, apparently, not obtained your suffrage."

He smashed it to atoms. Some of us tried to console him a bit, but he didn't want any sympathy. Afterwards I found that that was his way. Adulation he would accept. Sympathy never. When in trouble he cleared off and bore it by himself.

Well, to cut the story short, that night three years the majority of us were again his guests.

The dinner was a tremendous success. Sir Monxon Fields, Bart., was in his best form, keeping the table in a roar. Everything went well. Everyone took the cue from our host, over whom a complete transformation had come.

We had rarely any of us seen him in the intervening period. He had seemed to avoid our society, had excused himself on the plea of being "hard at work."

So he came to us to-night as a revelation.

In place of the lackadaisical, slouching amateur of other days, we found ourselves in the society of a keen, alert, healthy-looking young Englishman.

He had found himself.

Whilst we were discussing our cigars he said something in an undertone to Fields and retired in the direction of the studio.

"Arranging the light for us to see it by," said Fields. "Important item that, eh—Jarvis?" Jarvis sniffed. "Now I think he'll have got it ready. Let's go to the studio, gentlemen. Ah, yes, there it is! Now let's see what he's done this time."

It was again a figure of Apollo.

The statue, life size, gleamed white beneath the over-hanging lamps.

A murmur of admiration went round. This time there was no botching, no hasty work, no failure.

The very veins showed clean and firm, furrowing the arms. The muscular shoulders, the deep, well-moulded chest, the rounded limbs stood forth in perfect symmetry of manhood.

Only one carking voice arose. It was Jarvis. "Just like his conceit to crown it with his own physog, isn't it?"

The statue opened its eyes.

GARDEN RUBBISH.

A problem which faces the owner of every town garden is the disposal of the prunings, weeds and other rubbish which is inevitably collected in the course of his operations.

Hemmed in by other gardens on all sides, he has no convenient wall over which he can throw this waste. The dustman kicks if it is put in the bin amongst the household refuse.

It looks untidy if he makes a heap of it in the garden, unless he can put it behind some hedge where it will not be seen. But suburban gardens are not over-blessed with hedges, and usually the amateur gardener resigns himself to what he considers the inevitable; he lets the rubbish lie in a heap in some corner.

After a while he ceases to observe the ugly mound of rubbish, for custom blinds him to it; but every visitor to the garden notices it, and is not favourably impressed.

The right thing is to burn the rubbish—when the neighbours' clothes are not on the line. The ashes will improve the ground, and should be dug into the borders.

WHERE MEN FORGATHER.

XVII. THE ARMY MESS.

By "CHINSTRAP."

Upon my soul, I scarcely know how to tackle this job that my esteemed friend and chief, the Editor of THE MODERN MAN, has shoved on to me.

It is one thing to spin you yarns of small happenings in my Service life, but to write a descriptive article on an Army mess—well, I feel I am up against it.

Familiarity, as you know, breeds contempt, and while anything but contempt enters into my feelings for the place where I spent many happy days, it seems to me that there is precious little to be said about a mess.

The mess itself. Well, it may be a substantial stone building, a wooden hut, a tin shanty, or a tent—all depends on circumstances, don't'cher know.

Ordinarily, however, it consists of mess or dining-room, ante-room, billiard-room, kitchen, etc., and sometimes the officer's quarters are in the same building, sometimes detached from it. But that's all very dull, and I'm hanged if I know how I am to say anything interesting about the furniture. It is just good, substantial, comfortable man's furniture, such as you see in any decent club, and indeed, a mess is just like a club.

THE DIFFERENCE.

All the same there is a difference; men may belong to the same club for years and years and never know each other to speak to, but of course that is impossible in a mess—impossible, did I say?—well, practically so, but it may happen in a regiment that some of the members will not be on speaking terms with each other, and that reminds me of a yarn.

Two subalterns fell out and each vowed never again to speak to the other, unless t'other chap made the first advance—matters of duty, of course, excepted.

It was in the old days, before the linked battalion system was introduced, and a man remained in his regiment all his life, if he wished, instead of, as now, being transferred from one battalion to another, according to the "exigencies of the Service."

The two subalterns kept their respective words; the years rolled on until they were both grey-headed majors, and still the obstinate old fools declined to "make it up."

AFTER MANY YEARS.

One night at mess they sat opposite each other, as usual carefully avoiding each other's glance. All was merry; men were taking wine with each other, as they did in these days, pledging each other across the silver-laden table, but the two old foes sat glum and silent.

A kind-hearted onlooker was struck by the mingled pathos and ridiculousness of the scene. Summoning the mess sergeant he gave some whispered instructions. A few minutes later two waiters simultaneously approached Major A and Major B.

"Major B's compliments, sir, and he would like the pleasure of a glass of wine with you," said the first waiter to Major A.

"Major A's compliments, sir, and he would like the pleasure of a glass of wine with you," said the second waiter to Major B.

The two old enemies looked up, their eyes met, and they pledged each other, each thinking that the other had made the first advance, and thus was the silence of twenty years broken without loss of dignity on either side.

I fear this is rather away from the subject, but still it goes to show that quarrels though happily rare are not unknown in the mess, and I myself once saw a full-blown, but highly hysterical major get up in the middle of dinner and march out of the room in floods of tears, because the second-in-command, who didn't like him and happened to be drunker than usual, had insulted him!

That reminds me that the atmosphere of a mess is a curious mixture of formality and informality. So far as possible, authority is kept out of sight, but the shadow of it is ever there, and the tearful major was blubbering partly for his wrongs, partly because he dare not resent them.

RANK.

In a club you are as good as any other member, but in a mess not so. Juniors must show proper respect to seniors, and even seniors cannot do as they like, for in the case of a fray, quarrel, or other disorder, a junior officer has full power to place a senior officer concerned in the disturbance under arrest, even if he be his own colonel. What an unholy joy it would have been to exercise that privilege with some colonels I have known!

Messes, of course, vary greatly in character. Gunner messes, if I may say so, are generally rowdy. Anyway, I remember one gunner mess where on guest nights they used to start chucking things at each other with the arrival of the soup, and the proceedings usually ended with an exciting game of football on and under the table.

Cavalry messes, too, are generally pretty free and easy, though the quietest corps I ever met in my life was a crack Hussar one, whose officers were all teetotalers and never went to bed later than 10 p.m.

SOME TYPES.

But come with me into an average infantry mess, and I'll try to find you some general types.

First of all, there is the pot-bellied, purple-faced soaker of the old school—a fast disappearing type. He has his points, boozer though he be. He loves his regiment, he is steeped in its history and traditions, as he is in its port, he is a man of honour, incapable of a mean action, he does his duty according to his lights, and, however vicious he may grow, he never ceases to be a gentleman.

Put him in a charge and for all his short wind he'd get there first or burst (more probably the latter), and the only thing he fears on earth is a petticoat.

Next him is Pushington, a modern "professional soldier." I don't like Pushington. He is a pot-hunter, always shirking regimental duty, and using backstairs influence to get him soft staff billets, and into small campaigns where medals are cheaply to be gathered.

PUSH AND ITS OPPOSITE.

No, Pushington is no use to the regiment. He doesn't care a hang about its honour and glory, all he is after is honour and glory for himself. He is a rather prevalent type nowadays and his utter incompetence in responsible positions was the cause of many "regrettable incidents" in the Boer War.

His opposite is Templeton, and he is a very typical British officer. He comes of a long line of soldiers, and duty is his watchword, and the regiment is wife, mother, and child to him. He has good abilities and is an excellent soldier, but he is apt to get pushed aside by the Pushingtons. Not that he minds, he just goes on doing his duty, quietly, cheerfully, thoroughly, a credit to himself and his regiment.

Then there is Captain Rocket; dear, irresponsible, reckless old Rocket, always ready with an excuse for jollification, living at the rate of £2,000 a year on an income of £300.

Jackson we will take as the typical British subaltern; not very brilliant perhaps, but no fool; well-groomed, well-set up, wholesome, well-trained athlete, able to handle men, and perfectly willing to take on any job from commanding an army corps to kissing the colonel's pretty governess, Jackson has not his match in any other army in the world.

Then—but my space is filled. I fear I have not told you much, but dash it all, what can one say about an Army mess, except that it is a reasonably comfortable home—it is by no means the luxurious palace that some lady novelists make out—of men who are, as a rule, clean-living gentlemen, in every way fitted to wear the King's uniform?

WAYS AND MEANS.

VI. OF BECOMING POPULAR.

Some men seem to have the knack of making themselves liked wherever they go, even though they have no special attainments and excel neither intellectually nor as athletes.

It is a curious fact that such men are often those who appear to care little for popularity.

They do not consciously echo the words of the Prefect in the "Greek Slave"—"I want to be popular, popular, popular, worshipped by women and men"; they just jog along and take the world as they find it, and, given popularity, they naturally find it a very pleasant place.

There are others whose one ambition in life seems to be to gain the friendship or admiration of their fellow men. They usually fail lamentably and are even despised and classed as toadies.

From all this it would appear that the popular man must be born not made, and that to aim at popularity is to court the loss of it.

The secrets of popularity, however, if occult to achieve, are not so difficult to discover.

Perhaps the greatest of these secrets is one which I once heard stated, I think, in a sermon—for some good things can come even from sermons—that the popular man never speaks of anybody behind his back.

That is remarkably true, if you come to think of it.

If you know a man of whom you can say "He never has anything to say against anyone," you may be fairly sure he is popular.

If you know that a fellow is a bit given to discussing others with you to his advantage, you have an uncomfortable feeling that you are going through it yourself when your back is turned, and you cannot trust such a man.

Again the popular man will always make himself pleasant, even if it cost him some effort. He will not just retire into his shell and say: "I've got a fit of the blues coming on, I want to talk. I can't help it, I'm made that way."

Indeed he never seems to get the blues, he has an unfailing cheerfulness, and it is the fact that his company bucks you up like a tonic that makes you like him.

Moreover, he always seems to be interested in just the same things as you are yourself; in fact he can be all things to all men.

He is an excellent listener. He will let a bore talk on about his pet subject or his favourite sport, putting in a word here and there so adroitly that the talker imagines he is engaged in an interesting conversation instead of a monologue.

But the popular man does all these things naturally, and never laughs up his sleeve, or is sarcastic.

He is usually possessed of a simple, straightforward nature, and cynicism and sarcasm are unknown to him.

Above all, he is instinctively a gentleman.

ALAN HAMER.

SEASIDE JOHNNIES

THERE IS MORE IN THEM THAN MEETS THE EYE.

Johnnie is a man I have never to make out. I have heard him a bounder and a fool, but neither meets the case so far as my experience is fairly wide, a boarding house in Brighton work in that town, I lodge with her ently and have therefore plenty of opportor seeing the seaside Johnnie in all his and aspects.

of the simplest looking Johnnies that I er struck have been the cutest. ember one who lodged with my aunt and emed a good deal simpler than the

oon a policeman brought him ask my aunt what she knew of him, and from this policeman that I learnt the side of the life of this particular

ATCHBOXES.

that he had been in the habit of about the front, scraping acquaintance y likely young fellow. When they had bit, he showed his victim a and challenged him to open it. couldn't do it and had to be shown

it he had mastered the trick, a third fellow conspirator, as a matter of fact— and asks for a light or make some for speaking with the other two. ved Johnnie would turn the conversatrick matchboxes and would show this an example of the best so far produced. stranger then would, after trying for a swear that it was impossible for the box ened and would offer to take a bet about the victim accepted this offer, struck an easy way of making the stranger had tried once or volunteer to open the box, only that it could not be opened.

A GULL.

olution was simple, for the first sharper ring all the talking, got hold of the box and substituted for it another which ot be opened. I suppose they had made deal out of this game, for the average young man is usually a sportsman and s ready to pay up when he loses, or lost.

ur boarder and his accomplice had s game there is no saying, but, unly for themselves they tackled rather a and athletic young man. He had come trick matchboxes before, and when he that the box refused to open he did not up, or pay up, but he caught our Johnnie coat collar and without ceremony went his pockets, eventually bringing to light er matches which he had opened with

A policeman was passing, and into his charge he gave our boarder, and thus it was that the facts of the case were brought to my notice.

This little episode was the first thing that induced me to take the seaside Johnnie seriously.

The next whose identity remains in my memory was a man of a different stamp, though yet in some degree similar. He was not a criminal so far as wanting to get other people's money was concerned, but the one motive of his life seemed to be vanity and he would do anything to get new clothes.

I used to notice how well he was turned out each morning, and I also observed that his ties, boots and so forth were nearly every day of a different pattern.

One morning I was eating my breakfast when he came into the room, wearing amongst other things, a pair of smart tan-coloured brogue shoes. There was a peppery old chap at the table beside the window, and he promptly turned round, pointed to the shoes and accused the newcomer of having stolen them.

CAUGHT.

I never saw anybody collapse as that man did. Up to this he had been all swagger and swank. Now he was as timid and as quiet as a mouse, and in less than five minutes he had made a clean breast of it. It appeared that throughout his visit he had gone into the other boarders' rooms at meal times and had helped himself to anything in the way of clothes that had taken his fancy.

It is a middle-class boarding house, patronised by middle-class people, and in such matters as ties, shoes and so forth most of the boarders were accustomed to patronise a ready-made shop; therefore, though they might observe the missing article on the depredator, they did not for a moment suppose it was any other than a duplicate.

The old boy I spoke of, however, had none of these philosophic doubts, but spotted his brogue shoes because of a spot of ink on the toe of one of them, and at all costs he meant to have them back.

SHAM AND REALITY.

The bogus athlete is a well-known type, I should think, at every boarding-house. At least we have had plenty of them. I remember one who always used to wear riding breeches and leggings, and he used to talk of little else but his prowess on a horse.

Most of the other boarders were sick with his conversation, but one day there arrived a young chap who seemed to take a special interest in it. He pressed our horsey boarder to come for a ride one morning, and it was scarcely possible for him to refuse.

Our horsey man came home in a cab, rather battered, and with his clothes muddy, as if he had been thrown, and he took his departure that evening.

Of all Johnnies, however, the one I like best to think of is one we had in the early part of this year. He was the most lackadaisical person I have ever come across. He would loaf about and sit on the front for hours on end, smoking cigarettes and reading a novel.

It wasn't till one afternoon when he came in dripping wet that I saw there was something more that met the eye in this particular seaside Johhnie. Next day our local papers had a full account of what they called his heroism.

It appeared that a bather who could not swim had got out of his depth and that our boarder very gallantly dropped his cigarette, laid down his novel, swam out in his clothes, and rescued him.

J. M. SPENDER.

THE LONG ROAD.

AN IMPRESSION.

The old road is the earliest of the marks that man has scratched upon the face of the earth.

It has seen more centuries and more changes than any other artificial work, and it has preserved from age to age its special fascination and power over the minds and imaginations of its users.

It is a source of perpetual companionship and wonder and mystery to all who pass along it, but it enters most intimately into the lives of those who live upon it and of those happy few who spend their free hours dawdling along its stretches and entering into its moods and aspects.

The road will give dignity to all who pass along it, excepting only those who have no dignity in themselves. It shuts itself up at the oncoming of noisy roisterers, but even these it suffers with a silent patience.

It will give picturesqueness and a dignity to the raggedest and dirtiest tramp trudging to the far distant sea coast town, supporting life upon chance coppers and the crusts of the pitying villagers, and sleeping beneath hedges and in friendly barns.

It offers a soft side to the horseman who considers the health and comfort of his mount and refrains from a sustained gallop upon the hard surface.

Gipsies, too, make the side walks into temporary camps, and many blackened circles, strewn with half-charred sticks and other kindling, mark the sites of their brief halts.

The sight of their gaudy caravans moving steadily along, surrounded by the ever present crowd of bare-footed and cheeky little urchins, is one that the great road has witnessed ever since caravans were built or gipsies took to wandering.

By day or by night one knows that somewhere along its course there is life and activity and movement and joy and sorrow. If one stretch lies bare of traffic, and open to the skies, another stretch will have its share of pilgrims afoot or awheel.

Though towns grow up along its course at favoured spots where rivers may feed them with commerce, and converging roads swell the volume of their trade, the road always finds its way out of the maze and stretches triumphantly onward, making light of the town's importance.

Hills do not deter it or divert its course. It rises, superior to all difficulties, in a broad white band, and when it scales the height it runs with a jolly sweep into the valley, nodding pleasantly to the little villages, and driving a straight route through enclosing woods.

Time was when the road slept by night like the people living along its borders. The hours of darkness were for the most part hours of undisturbed silence save for the cries of night birds or the bark of foxes in the woods. But now the night brings no respite from movement.

To-day we are all pilgrims, and we have taken to the high road again in earnest.

The bicycle and the motor-car have revived the life of the road by night, when it is perhaps more completely shrouded and pervaded by interest and mystery than during the day.

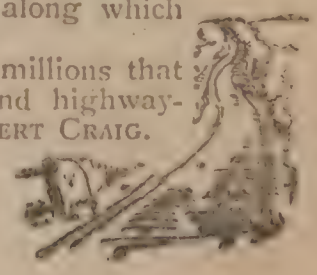
Of all the fascinating occupations that the road gives scope for there is none to equal night riding by car or cycle.

The great car drives along with a pleasing hum of engines; the headlights gleam from afar, picking out the way; tiny little cottages flit past like phantoms in the moonlight; the woods reverberate with the sound of rapid travelling; towns throw up their glow from the distance, beckoning the car onward faster and faster; and the air drives against the face with unequalled freshness, bracing the nerves and filling the nostrils with delicious scents.

Men become as gods, the masters of great forces, and the road is the course along which they move.

It is peopled with the ghosts of millions that have travelled on it, fair ladies and highwaymen, tramps and peers.

ROBERT CRAIG.



A TERRITORIAL STORY.

THE CAPTAIN'S MOVE.

BY JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

There are two battalions each attached to the same big Territorial Command who, when they meet officially, appear to be the most close and particular friends. On such occasions it is noticeable that these men break up into little assorted groups. But they do so because they have a certain very private question to ask each other. It never varies, and that question is:

"Has it leaked out?"

They are relieved when they get a negative answer one from the other, because the regrettable incident to which they refer cannot, by any possible chance, be made out to reflect credit upon either the Midshire Pompadours or the Wessex Swallow Tails. I give even their regimental nick-names falsely for obvious reasons.

People who know how keenly they hated one another once upon a time, put their sudden friendship down to the kindly intervention of their respective colonels, although these two estimable gentlemen know—if possible—less about the affair than they do about the proper method of commanding a regiment.

This, then, is the true explanation.

No one knows exactly what started the rivalry existing between the Pompadours and the Swallow Tails. A river divided their respective counties, but not all the waters of that river could wash away their deadly hatred of one another.

It is usually the practice of one Territorial to greet another kindly, and stand him liquid refreshment on sight, but with the Pompadours and the Swallow Tails it was different. If a Swallow Tail was caught straying about on the Pompadours' side of the river in uniform even after the ordinary drill nights, there was usually trouble assured for the Swallow Tail. The same thing applied to the visit of an indiscreet Pompadour to the Swallow Tails' territory.

It was the Cyclist Companies of the respective regiments which were more directly concerned, because when they found things were dull in their own town it was their habit to ride into each other's district and, if possible, pick a quarrel. What was really needed was a strong man in command to put a stop to this glaring irregularity which lay under the very noses of the weak, indolent grocers and candlestick-makers who had girded themselves with a tin sword to wear with their red coats and thought that their duties stopped at being alleged ornaments.

But it happened that Providence directed that a real Man should eventually take over the captaincy of the Pompadours' Cyclist Corps. His name was Stuart Winterton, and rumour hinted that he had been round the world and back again in the service of His Majesty, and consequently he carried no "side" whatever.

But he found little Marchester, the headquarters of the Pompadours, running over with "side" and self-conceit. Especially did this apply to the spruce and elegant company of Cyclists, of which he was the new and supreme captain.

Captain Winterton had rented a little place outside Marchester graced with the title of Beachcombe Hall; and it was set in the heart of a wild, rugged country, well stocked with game.

The Captain immediately began to take an interest in his company. He invented mobilisation tests—an example which many Territorial Captains would do well to follow—and on one memorable afternoon he concentrated his whole force on the wild heathland beyond Beachcombe Hall to meet an imaginary enemy.

Instead they met a real one, for it was a Saturday afternoon, and not less than seven-eighths of the Swallow Tails turned out unofficially to watch the manœuvres.

The Swallow Tails in groups harassed the Pompadours, who were putting their very souls

into their work, with primitive but annoying jests. They called them everything from "God-forsaken guttersnipes" to "Ass Marines," and the blood of the Pompadours boiled within them.

But there was something about their captain that made them stick to their prescribed tasks in an effort to fall in with his scheme as far as possible. Still they wheeled, doubled, or otherwise marched and took up various positions with their lips set, and war-like looks in their eyes.

Suffice it to say that the most aggressive of the Swallow Tails saw fit to ride back to their town of Rantingham, ere the "Cease fire" sounded, so that the Pompadours were enabled to partake of a cold collation in the light of the setting summer sun in peace.

But the Captain was a far-seeing man. A hundred tired privates and non-commissioned officers do not sit down to a very excellent repast with scowls on their faces. It shows lack of healthy spirit.

Some fifty of the Cyclists occupied a long table together. The captain strolled around generally; he was their host now, with no duties or powers beyond that, and he caught fragments of their conversation. It was when their glasses were all filled that the sergeant of the Pompadours, the self-appointed toast-master, jumped to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "to the health of Captain Winterton and the Pompadours!"

A tall young man on his right broke in angrily.

"And to hell with the Swallow Tails!" he cried, raising his glass dramatically.

He had struck the required note, and the Cyclists broke out into thunderous applause, re-echoing the sentiment down the long table.

But the captain, who saw and heard, judiciously winked at the incident. He said no word—but thought a great deal.

II

Rather less than a fortnight later, the members of the Pompadours' Cyclist Corps were surprised and overwhelmingly delighted by a notice that appeared on the board at their Drill Hall, signed by Captain Winterton, whom they had learned to worship respectfully.

They could not read between the lines of that notice, nor did it enter their heads to try, but on the face of it, it was enough to make them sheer dancing mad for at least one evening.

That particular night's drill was a revelation to the resourceful Captain Winterton. Never was there a smarter turn-out, and their movements were the poetry of time.

Groups clustered round that notice, and individuals yelled it out aloud, unasked. The wording was short and to the point.

One whole blessed day was to be [illegible] them in a ten-mile area around Beachcombe Hall, operating against the Cyclist Company of the Swallow Tails!

Then they cheered the captain uproariously and unofficially as he left the Drill Hall, his path lined on either side by a sudd[illegible]nly constituted guard of honour of Pompadours, [illegible] rigorously to attention.

At the end of the line he turned.

"Really," he blurted out, "I don't quite understand you fellows!"

Crash! Crash! Crash! came the triple cheer that sent him hurrying out into the comparative peace of the street.

But, in point of fact, the captain understood them rather better than they understood themselves.

Truth to tell, he had applied himself very rigorously to a certain task all the previous week, merely so that he could write that [illegible] on the board.

There had been interviews with the officers of both regiments—the captain of the Swallow Tails' Cyclists in particular—and at last he had arranged that the rivals should test their skill upon each other. There had been enough [illegible] jealousy because neither of them had been afforded an opportunity to see [illegible] master, and with the healthy young [illegible] man the captain's experience had taught [illegible] that this was always a point to be decided most especially between the Pompadours and Swallow Tails.

These views, however, he had not [illegible] to Captain Vane, a thoroughly incompetent briefless (and witless) monied lawyer of Rantingham, who commanded the Swallow Tails' Cyclist Corps, because it was considered rather "doggy" to hold a position of that sort in Rantingham. (Alas! our Territorial Force has many Captain Vanes and few Winterton[illegible] wherefore it behoves the nation to pray that we may keep command of the sea!)

The day arranged found both sides in possession of the regulation "general idea," and strangely enough Captain Winterton had left the "special idea" to be worked out entirely by his own non-commissioned officers.

Captain Vane followed his lead, and the two captains constituted themselves umpires. Therefore, the operations around Beachcombe Hall were conducted solely by the non-commissioned officers and men of the rival companies, which arrangement neatly fell in line with Captain Winterton's idea.

For both sides it was a far more serious game than anything but the real thing can ever be. Scouting around the roads for the main bodies of the "enemy" was done with an excess of caution, and advances in companies were conducted in a similar manner. For its mere work alone neither the Pompadours nor the Swallow Tails are ever likely to forget the day. The enjoyment of it all rested more particularly with Captain Winterton, who, mounted on a good horse, galloped over the heath and [illegible] along the lanes, taking note of [illegible] making their way cautiously to [illegible] Hill that rose amid a sea of gorse, a lone [illegible] in the centre of the heath, commanding the position for several miles around. To gain this was in the "special idea" of both sides. The hill was surrounded by many uneven tracks and was approached on all sides by devious ways.

It soon became apparent to the umpires that the victory would rest with the company that could reach that position first; where[illegible] took up their stand on the crown of the hill as the day drew on, and, sweeping the landscape around with their binoculars, they could see the main bodies of the Swallow Tails approaching from the east, while signs of advancing Pompadours were apparent from the west.

Very cautiously each side was approaching with scouts and miniature advance [illegible] out beyond their main bodies.

The bicycles it was clear had [illegible] by the roadside that bordered and [illegible]

...hite line, found the green- and brown-

...were getting nearer now, and even Cap-
...ane, who stood by Winterton on the hill,
...to grow a little excited.
...!" he said, "but this is worth watchin',
...ton!"

...Battle of Beachcombe Hill," the captain
...Pompadours put in, smiling.
...dooce of it," Captain Vane observed, "is
...ll be bally hard to judge who's won."
...ain Winterton turned to the imitation of

..." he said, staring him straight in
...minutes from now the men will
...themselves."
...themselves!" Vane's voice be-
...a great deal of alarm. "You

...They'll settle this—and all other
...s that have been standing over for
...in ten minutes." Captain Winterton
...his watch.

..., I protest—I object! As an
...er you'll see nothing of the affair
...e was grim and set determination
...an-sun-tanned face of Captain Win-
..." You've slithered over your company,
... this petty jealousy grow up between
...nd the Pompadours for years, I daresay.
...o-day's going to settle it—seven minutes
...there'll be no jealousy or back-biting
..., may be a black eye or two, my dear
..., and a few punched heads, but the net
...will be a perfect and cordial under-

...thing is so bally irregular," Vane pro-
..., possibly for that very reason, it's the
...that will ever put matters right
...two companies."
..." said Vane. "If there is any
...plaint, the offenders ought to be
...th in a proper and official manner,
...to regulations."
...gulations be damned!" said Winterton.
...lations wouldn't do this job in a hundred

...aused and closed the lid of his watch with
...ive snap. On both sides the rival com-
...had broken cover and were streaming
...e green at the double.
...u've exactly three seconds," said Captain
...ton, "to decide whether you're coming
...—or whether I've got to carry you. I've
...a that tea for two is now ready for us at
...le place and——"
...anks for the invitation," Captain Vane
...in quickly. "We'd better get mounted
...e."

* * * * * *

...e have been more sanguinary battles than
...f Br... Hill, but there are few in
... fought in a more direct and

...of each company reached the
...hill at the same moment, and,
...they all were, they did not even
...quire for the umpires. Each Pom-
...and Tail selected his own oppo-
...heartily for that straight slog-
...quishes all fights that have a
...one.

...the conflict was sanguinary and
...enlargement of eyes and the thick-
...But when the shades of evening
...and some fortunate person who
...sounded the "Cease Fire" with
...mind, the "perfect and
...ling" as prophesied by Captain
...retty generally established.
...is peace between the Pompadours
...Swallow Tails. Smoking concert
...balances smoking concert, and invitations
...inners are mutual. The only
...exists between them now is very
...foregoing being to the credit
...tion of Captain Winterton of the

A RACING EPISODE

Each moment counts at times like these.—POOLE.

The anxieties of those responsible for the upbringing and training of a racehorse begin, as may well be imagined, long before the frail little creature is ushered into the world.

I shall leave aside the various troubles connected with the courtship and marital relations of his father and mother, but, coming to questions more immediately concerning our friend the prospective winner, I may as well point out that even the date of his birth is attended with more anticipatory heart throbs than necessarily attends that of the advent of the heir to a throne.

In a general way it does not really greatly matter whether an heir apparent is born on a Monday or a Tuesday; on the last day of one month or the first of the next; but to the colt or filly of high pedigree and great descent, this little item of date may make all the difference in the world.

In the racing calendar the birthday of every horse is the first of January, and an animal born into the world at 11.59 p.m. on the 31st of December, becomes officially one minute afterwards a yearling.

THE EXPECTED ARRIVAL.

If, on the other hand, it is born during the first days of January, it obtains the great advantage of several months for increasing strength and development of muscle and condition.

Replete with agonising moments of poignant anxiety is New Year's eve to the head of a great breeding establishment, who has in his foaling yard two or more mares who are hourly expected to become mothers.

The great house is filled with guests, for, of course, it is the season of festivities. The house dinner has been joyous and prolonged, and a merry impromptu dance has followed in natural course; but to the Squire, in the midst of his admirably performed duties as host, the hours have dragged on leaden wings.

His genial phrases, his kindly greetings and humorous comments, uttered in seeming with such spontaneous heartiness, are, if one did but know it, true efforts of heroism. As he walks through the rooms, and amid the light-hearted young folk, his hand steals constantly to his watch pocket, and again and again he tries to persuade himself that the dashed thing is slow. And ever and anon he is back again in the gun-room and at the 'phone.

OVER THE WIRE.

"Any news, Robins?"

"Nothing fresh, sir," comes the answer. "All seems going well."

"How many men have you got there?"

"Four, sir. They're all right."

"What temperature have you?"

"Thermometer registers sixty-seven, sir."

"All right, Robins. See that the men have all they want."

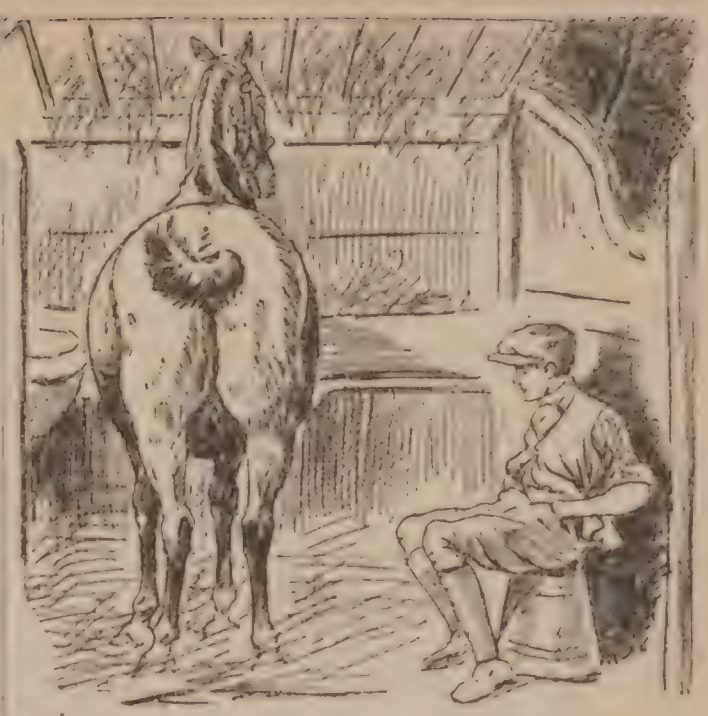
'Phone conversation on these lines has covered the wire ever since mid-day.

The Squire in the great house, the stud groom in the foaling yard, the vet. in his snuggery in the village hard by, and the vet.'s groom, who has his master's horse saddled and ready in case of need—all are alert and expectant, eagerly looking forward to the event.

And in the well warmed, luxurious foaling box, with its four foot thick bed of sweet straw, the best that money can procure, the heroine of the occasion is probably the least preoccupied of all the parties concerned.

From time to time one of the men on guard takes a glance at her through the wall glass, and if she seems to need aught is prompt in attention.

For months past the lot of this prospective mother of a potential Derby winner has been thus happy. The best of food, the utmost of care, have for long been lavished on her.



Well, sometimes—but not by any means always—she repays this outlay.

It is three minutes to twelve. Already all the house party has trooped into the great hall.

The butler, genially solemn and a thought unsteady, has advanced to the centre table, bearing the Goodwood cup filled with champagne.

Most of the house servants have filed in after him and throng the doorways.

The Squire rises from the worst played game of bridge he has sat to for a solid twelvemonth, and, while he makes noble efforts to compose himself to the geniality exigent to the moment, the telephone bell shrills vibrant through the room.

In an instant conversation drops. In the rigid silence hearts may almost be heard to beat. The hushed expectancy is as a wound pain.

The Squire takes up the receiver with childishly simulated indifference.

NEWS, AT LAST.

"Well?" he asks in a level voice.

And then the message comes.

Down drops the receiver, and the Squire, his eyes dancing and his bright face beaming, turns to the eager listeners.

"Butterfly, a fine foal, at two minutes *past* twelve!" he cries.

"Rogers, get some more wine, and send down to the yard so that everyone has something to drink."

The foal has been born, and after midnight.

Officially he is a year younger than he might have been, and his owner has a year longer to make him fit for racing.

He has started lucky. Whether he will remain so is another matter, but let us live in hope, for that is, perhaps, the most necessary qualification for the man who takes his pleasure in the sport of kings.

B. MOLLISON.

THE SMOKER'S DEVELOPMENT.

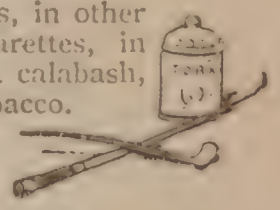
The smoker generally begins with one or other of the brands of cigarettes that are sold at a penny for five.

Generally about the age of seventeen a man's tastes run to Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes, not because he likes them but rather because they are oval-shaped, something different from the usual, and because the smell is also out of the common. Sometimes he patronises Russian cigarettes for the same reason, because they are wrapped in cream-coloured paper and, whatever may be the quality of the tobacco in them, they are always lavishly ornamented with double-headed eagles and other things in gaudy gilt.

A twelvemonth generally sees the passing of this phase of a man's smoking career, and at the end of it he has probably gone back to Virginia cigarettes or taken to a pipe.

Within the next five years he will have established his smoking doctrine.

Sometimes he will plump for cigars, in other cases for a favourite blend of cigarettes, in others for a briar, a meerschaum or a calabash, but always the favourite brand of tobacco.



THE COACHMAN.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

In appearance he conforms to a button to the conventions of his class.

When not upon the box driving "the guv'nor" or his lady, he works about the stables in the regulation garb of drab brown, his legs tightly cased in leggings of a pale pepper-coloured material. He wears no collar, and always shows a blue print shirt sleeve rolled high.

When he passes up and down the village at mid-day on his way home for dinner, he seems to scatter joviality on every side, and he has a friendly nod and word for man, woman and child.

He is decidedly above the average in looks, having strong features and a well poised head that seems to give him dignity and pride when, fully dressed in livery and shining hat with jet cockade, he takes his place upon the box, his dapper little "tiger" by his side.

Perhaps, however, he shows to best advantage when he is schooling a young horse.

He is just as proud as his mount, but infinitely more patient.

He yields to each harmless caprice of the youngster, but he never permits it to take liberties with him. He does not attempt, nor does he desire, to eradicate its spirit; all he wants is to guide it into the most serviceable channels.

When he takes a young horse out for an airing, or a lesson, it is a sight worth seeing.

The village boys watch him attentively, with a view to some day emulating him. The old men nod approvingly, and confide to one another that he is *almost* as clever on a horse as they were when they were his age.

He is clean shaven. In years to come, and as he rises in the service of his master, I can see him grave and portly with the full grey "mutton chops" allowed to old retainers.

He is not yet married, and this perhaps is partly why he finds himself so welcome in the houses of the villagers who have a pretty daughter to provide for. But in this respect he is a source of secret anxiety, for once within the precincts of his master's stables, which adjoin the Hall, there are not a few attractions in the shape of neat and thrifty housemaids. And a coachman *ought* to have a wife.

So between the village belles and the prepossessing maidservants at the Hall there is a constant undercurrent of rivalry.

My coachman's virtues do not end by any means with his matrimonial advantages. These are but incidental possibilities in a life already filled with many interests. He takes a leading part in the village cricket club, and matches are on record where his slogging prowess has pulled many a game out of danger and turned what seemed like certain defeat into a hard fought victory.

On Sundays he gives the village choir the benefit of a sonorous bass, and when a village couple are married he takes his place among the ringers in the belfry of the church and speeds the newly-wedded pair away with a merry peal.

It might be thought that only horses interested him, but such is not the case, for in all the years I've known him I have never heard him start a horsey talk. Perhaps it is because his work involves such constant association with them. At times he goes absent-mindedly along the road hissing as if still rubbing them down, but he carries little of his occupation into his intercourse with his fellow villagers.

In his own domain, however, he is an autocrat of the most despotic character. "My horses," he speaks of, and whether it be his master or mistress, or any of the "young ladies" or "young gentlemen" who want this or that done or undone, he puts his foot down with a confidence and a firmness that are final, when he believes that the interests of "his" horses are at stake.

When work is done he pays a visit to the village inn, where he is the life and soul of the rustics gathered for their evening glass.

GILBERT HOBSON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

OUR COMPETITION. I daresay I shall offend some of my readers by starting a competition in this week's number, for I have had many letters congratulating me upon the fact that there were no competitions in the paper. At the same time I know that the majority of my readers will be pleased, for the competition was their suggestion and not mine.

I weighed the pros and cons very carefully before I decided to start a competition at all, for I am no believer in half measures. I knew that the work entailed would be enormous, and I have therefore made arrangements for adequately coping with it—for the opening of the letters, the checking of entries and so forth.

The burden upon myself will not be a light one, for I am assuming the task of selecting the winners.

My decisions will not, of course, be acceptable in every quarter, for it is only natural that a man should be prejudiced in favour of his own effort, but I do not think that I shall have very many complaints, for my readers are all sportsmen, and when they enter a contest of this sort they are fully prepared to abide by the decision of the judge.

I should like to see the thing go well, and I hope that all my readers will take part in it; I can assure you, one and all, that the contest will be conducted in a thoroughly sportsmanlike manner and that due consideration will be given to every entry submitted.

I do not think that anyone can say that the entrance fee I have fixed upon is a high one; and to have the opportunity, at such a small expenditure, of winning a substantial prize, lends a new interest to life and brightens the day's labours.

CLERKS' DINNERS. A correspondent living in Brixton, sends me an extremely interesting letter in which he explains how he and some fellow-clerks have solved the difficulty of obtaining in London a substantial mid-day meal within their means.

"I can afford just eightpence for my dinner," he writes. "It is dinner, for at night I just have tea and something with it. For eightpence I found that at Lyon's or the A.B.C. I could only get some fish or sausages or a meat pudding and bread and butter and tea. I found that these places were the best, but you will quite understand that a meal like that was not enough for a young man like myself who has not yet finished growing.

"For months I scrambled along as best I could, taking such a meal and eating in the office a few biscuits or a sandwich that I had brought from my lodgings to supplement it; but at last there came to the office a clerk who will, I am sure, be a great man some day.

"He has a genius for organising, and he put it to the rest of us that we should form a sort of club for our mid-day meal. He asked how much we cared to pay, and we each told him eightpence a day.

"A week later he told us he had made arrangements by which we could dine sumptuously for less than this figure.

"He conducted us to a house in a back street, where in an upstairs room an old woman—who goes out cleaning offices in the mornings and at night—had prepared for us as good a meal as I have ever eaten.

She herself is paid 6d. a day for her trouble in cooking, for the use of the room, and for fire. We pay our organiser 6d. each and get for this a plate of excellent beef or mutton with two vegetables and as much bread as we like.

"After a time we saved enough to buy a barrel of beer, and we find that we can have a glass of it for a penny and still leave a little profit towards the purchase of another barrel. We thus get an excellent dinner and a glass of beer for 7d.

"We have been very fortunate in getting an honest woman to cook for us; if she were otherwise I am afraid our dinner club would quickly collapse. I might say that there are eight of us who combine in this way, and I believe a similar club would be possible even with smaller numbers."

I know from my correspondence that many of my readers are City workers who don't get so much money as they ought to, and to whom it may concern I heartily commend the idea.

Of course, you need someone to organise a club of this kind, but in most offices there is such a man—the sort of fellow who likes doing things, and who is always to be found on committees of athletic clubs and so forth. He is ready to give infinite labour for nothing, for the satisfaction of doing it, and I admire him.

TO THOSE WHO CAN WRITE. The strength of THE MODERN MAN lies very largely in the fact that we have been able to discover new writers. I have a great deal of the work of men who write for the old-fashioned weekly papers, for in my opinion their articles and stories are a good deal out of date.

Long before this paper was published, I set myself the task of finding new writers, and not a week passes but I discover some new and valued contributor.

All the manuscripts sent to the office are most carefully considered. This entails a great deal of trouble, but I think that the result will justify it.

Only the other week I found among the day's batch a short article entitled "Hints to Pal." I bought this article at once because it was obviously written from the heart, and I think is the secret of success in modern journalism.

It is not a bit of good going to encyclopædias and books of reference for what are called "facts." An uninteresting fact is never of the slightest value.

Every day I receive requests from amateur writers who desire me to forward them subjects to write upon, and who assure me that they are competent to deal with anything under the sun.

Naturally I do not send them the subjects they ask for. I give out many suggestions and ideas, but only to tried and known contributors. The beginner must first win his spurs by convincing me that he can write. Let him choose a subject about which he feels strongly, so long as it is clean, healthy, vigorous and of interest, and I can assure him that I shall give it my best consideration.

Another hint to contributors is this: a stamped addressed envelope should always be enclosed for the return of manuscripts in case they prove unsuitable. No editor returns unsolicited manuscripts unless this condition is complied with.

NOTHING WONDERFUL. I would give all intending contributors one strict injunction, and that is not to send me articles which are intended to amaze the reader.

Personally I believe that I am absolutely lacking in the faculty of wonder. I do not believe that anything could surprise me. Whenever something unusual happens that touches my interests, I merely set myself the task of dealing with it; I do not stop to marvel at it.

You will find, in most weekly papers, paragraphs and articles dealing with such things as the number of million gallons of water in Lake Erie. Things like that I call dull, uninteresting facts. My interest in them is nil, and I have not the slightest curiosity to know its capacity.

We do not want to be told facts that are intended to make us wonder, for we are not children; what we do want is something to arouse our enthusiasm and to set our pulses stirring.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

HOLIDAY WHEEZES.

SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUR VACATION.

...o spend your holiday by the seaside in the ...nary conventional manner, is not half a bad ...n.

...t the seaside town, holiday-making has been ... to a fine art, and you can loaf when you ...nt to loaf, entertain yourself when you want ... be entertained when you are too ... to loaf or to seek your own amuse-...

...ut there are some men to whom the essence ... a holiday is novelty.

...o be with other holiday-makers, sharing their ...asures and doing as they do, would be to ...n boredom inexpressible. To such, for my ...rt is with them, let me offer a few sugges-...ns.

...The walking tour is, perhaps, the most de-...ful type of holiday a man can spend. ... want a good pal with you, a man whom ... understand thoroughly and who understands ...; otherwise you will fall out before the end ...he trip, for you are in one another's company ...ter than you have ever been before, and this ... very severe test of friendship.

...The solitary walking tour is all very well in ...way, provided you are of a meditative caste ...mind and can enjoy the beauties of nature, ...t most of us want a chat at least now and ...in. And it is worth while for even the con... man to remember that companionship ...road short.

...You start on a walking holiday ...ense, of course, dictates that you will ...our feet into proper trim. The only other ...tion is not to encumber yourself with ...gage.

...For the rest, learn the game from experience ... will not be bitter—for if I told you all about ...it would rob the holiday of just that adven...ous touch which is what you are longing for.

...Another ideal type of holiday is to go to sea. ... to a seaport town, you can, with...trouble, find a skipper who, for ... your company, will take you aboard ...t of your grub.

...The only caution here is that you select a boat ...ich is scheduled to return considerably earlier ... the end of your vacation.

...ce I went on such a trip, supposing that ...oat would return the very night before I ... to resume work, but it was storm-staid and ...did not get back till a week later.

...Another attractive holiday may be spent on a ...ge.

...It is wrong to suppose that all bargees are of ...ers. They are made famous by our novelists and story... ...n, though there are fine young fellows amongst ... bargemen, whose company you ... enough they are not of the same ... yourself.

...arge you can put in as much hard ... have a mind for, and you can spend ... time loafing about, reading a ... the green banks of the canal ... Such a holiday will ... a happy memory.

...A friend of mine took a holiday ...distinctly novel.

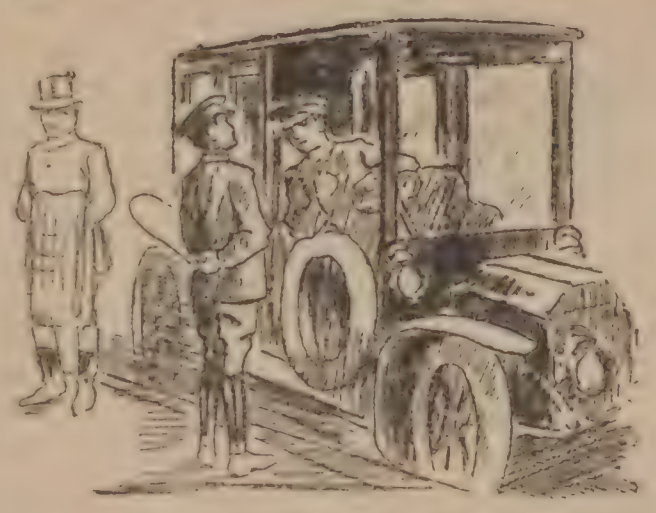
...circumstances, into which it is un... for me to enter, he found himself too ... to stay anywhere for his fortnight's ... but he was determined that he ... a change of one sort or another ... earn his expenses while he was ...

...Six months before the date of his coming ... regularly certain daily news... ... the West of England, and ... columns for an opportunity ... employment.

...By the time his holiday arrived, he had fixed ...himself up for that fortnight as a canvasser to ...grocer in Bath. This grocer was desirous of ...up the country districts surrounding ...nd for that fortnight my friend spent ...ing about a region that was quite ...

M. BRUCE.

SPORTING STORIES



AN OPPORTUNITY.

It was in the Weighing Enclosure, and the Owner had just led in the winner.

The great novelist, wanting to see his name in the society news, was there, and he stood close to the filly, because he was hopeful that he might appear in the photograph which he saw somebody taking of her.

Possibly the filly didn't like self-advertisement. Anyhow, she gave a playful little kick, and her hoof all but reached the bread-basket of the Great Novelist.

"Dangerous brute!" he remarked to the Owner. "I nearly got kicked."

But the owner was unsympathetic.

"What a chance you've missed," he said. "Just think what would have happened if you'd been killed. What a glorious thing it would have been to go down into history as the man who was kicked to death by the winner of a race like this."

That bit of local colour will *not* appear in the Great Novelist's next book.

NO DANGER.

"Whoa!" said the diner to the waiter. "Steady, old buck! You've got your thumb in the soup."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," replied the representative of the German Emperor. "It's very kind of you to think of me like that, but the soup isn't so hot as it looks. I'm not getting burnt."

And now this particular diner always begins with fish.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS.

The local busybody bustled up to the little boy.

"Which is your father's lodge?" he asked.

"We don't keep lodgers," replied the little boy.

"You misunderstand me," said the busybody. "Isn't your father a mason?"

"No," said the little boy.

"Then," said the busybody, "why does he make all these signs when he meets anybody?"

"Them's not signs," replied the little boy. "Pa's got St. Vitus dance."

POST OFFICE ENTHUSIASM.

The authorities at the Post Office ought to be enthusiastic about the Territorial movement, and certainly they ought, at least, to know the names of the different units composing it, but it appears that such matters are among the many that they don't deal in.

Recently a friend of ours wanted to write to a pal of his in the Scottish Horse. He had mislaid the address, but supposed that "Trooper So-and-so, The Scottish Horse," would secure delivery.

He was wrong, however. The letter was returned with the intelligent comment: "No public-house of this name known."

Who said our Government departments were mismanaged?

HAPPY NIGHTS.

IX. OUT FOR WILD DUCK.

There are few hours more enjoyable to the sportsman than those he spends at night waiting patiently for a shot, perhaps two shots, at wild duck as they come down to the stream.

The river is fringed with willows leaning towards the water, and from the shallows round their roots there spring thick beds of tall green reeds. Towards the cover these afford I steal quietly when darkness falls, and finding a convenient fallen stump I settle down, well hidden in the reeds, and wait until the flighting time.

It is a glorious vigil. As the darkness deepens, the river becomes black as ink and I hear but do not see the splash made by a rising trout. Up-stream a water-hen croaks as he emerges from the rushes for a walk on the banks, and around me sundry creatures move to and fro in the reedy waters.

Down the wind comes the loud "quack, quack" of the lordly drake as he calls on the others to follow him.

The gun goes up, and I twist and turn to get a good shot. They come swooping with outspread steady wings, right towards me, all unsuspectingly.

Through the reed tops my barrel shines dully for a moment. Then, bang! And the valley echoes and re-echoes.

I hear a struggle in the water a little lower down, and running along the bank I see a fine bird, his career ended, going slowly down with the stream, turning in the eddies, hitching for a second on an over-reaching branch, a dishevelled mass of feathers. I wade in to meet him at the nearest shallow, and walk home again contented.

A. G. LUSH.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

GETTING OFF FLESH.

The majority of students of physical culture are desirous of putting on flesh in the form of muscle; but there are many who wish to take a bit off, because their kind of flesh is chiefly fat.

You do not want very much fat. It would be all right if you contemplated a journey through the Arctic Regions or if you were preparing to fast for a fortnight, for, provided with a thick layer of fat, you would be like the camel, enabled, so to speak, to feed off your hump. But the majority of us do not contemplate trips to the Arctic, neither do we wish to rival the fasting man; therefore, if nature bestows upon us superfluous fleshiness, it is only natural that we should wish to get rid of it, for nobody wants to carry about so many stone of extra weight without extra strength.

To the many readers who have asked my advice in the matter of flesh reduction, I would say that the first thing they should do is to visit their own doctor. Superfluous fat may sometimes be the result of disease, which, if nipped in the bud, may never trouble them again.

If, however, they have the doctor's assurance that they have no disease and that the fat is quite natural, the one and only remedy is exercise.

To stint oneself in the matter of food is foolishness, for that means reduction of strength.

The fat man's exercise should not be too active, for probably his heart is less strong than that of the average man. He should get his beef off not by wrestling, sprinting or boxing, but by very long walks.

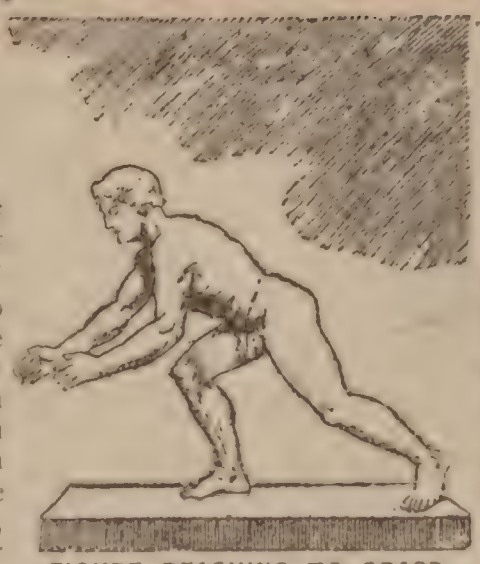


FIGURE REACHING TO GRASP FALLEN WARRIOR.

From the Aegina Pediment in the Munich Museum.

FOR LEAN FLANKS.

One of the things that makes the athletic figure more pleasing to look at than the figure that is undeveloped is that the athlete possesses lean flanks.

I have devised this exercise after a good deal of experimenting in order to secure this athletic figure in the shortest possible time. It is well worth the trouble, not only for the sake of appearance but also for the sake of health, for this exercise will develop the abdominal muscles, and, as they play such an important part in digestion, the results are necessarily beneficial to your general well-being.

The exercise to make the kind of figure that sets off a uniform.

Stand at attention. Spread the legs as indicated in the picture, stretch the hands straight out from the shoulders in a horizontal line.

Throughout the whole of this exercise, the hands must be kept in one straight line with the shoulders. If you find any difficulty in doing this at first, you may hold in your hands any long stick such as a broom handle.

Very slowly incline the body to the right as far as you can, keeping the heel of the left foot firmly planted upon the ground, for there is a temptation to lift it. Go over till you feel an inclination to lose your balance, and then, as slowly, bring yourself back to the starting position and bend over to the left side.

Repeat until you feel the first symptoms of fatigue.

THE OUTDOOR COMPLEXION.

One is often told that the ideal complexion is to be attained by the use of someone's soap, but there is no doubt that the only thing which can give it to most people is the outdoor life.

You will find now and then a man with a fine clear complexion who works in an office, but he is gifted beyond the ordinary, and he generally spends his spare time in the open air.

But if you take the men who spend their working hours out of doors, you will very rarely find a man whose complexion is anything but good.

Look at the average soldier, and you will find that invariably he has a clear pink and white skin, or maybe a brown one.

Especially is this the case in a cavalry regiment, for horse-riding is undoubtedly one of the healthiest exercises there are, but it is also true of the infantryman, for his work is mostly done in the open air, he spends a great part of every year under canvas, and he is sure of plenty of vigorous exercise, without having to take it after a day's heavy brainwork when a rest would be more desirable.

There is nothing like Army life for giving health and the fine complexion that goes with it, and many civilians might take some tips therefrom.

ARMS AND LEGS.

Here is one of the finest exercises I know for the rapid development of the arms—both fore arms and upper arms.

Place the hands behind the back, as in the illustration, and turn them round so that the palms are uppermost. Grasp the wrist of the right arm with the left hand and push it as far up your back as you can. Resist this upward movement by pressing downwards with your right arm.

A splendid exercise for the boxer and the sportsman generally.

If you will try this exercise you will not need my assurance as to its merits, for you will see that even though no apparatus is employed, a terrific pressure can be put upon the muscles; but to secure the best effect you must keep the palms uppermost and you must resist strongly with the right arm while pressing upwards with the left.

When you have practised this five or six times, reverse the process, this time pressing upwards with the right arm and downwards with the left.

This may rank as a tensing exercise, for you have to keep your whole attention concentrated on the muscles during its performance; unless you do that there is no possible advantage to be derived from it.

FOR THE WALKER.

For those who go in for walking races, or indeed for any kind of long distance walking or running, it is a tip worth knowing that an excellent way of avoiding a stitch in the side is to munch slowly a small piece of raw carrot.

The carrot incidentally contains a large amount of sugar, and for this reason is extremely good for training.

If you suffer from thirst, the best thing is to suck a slice of lemon, or the same result may be achieved by keeping a small piece of peel in your mouth.

I am a great believer in walking, for there is no exercise better calculated to develop staying power, and that is a thing which every athlete wants to possess.

JU-JITSU.

6th LESSON.

There are times when one is brought into contact with some obstreperous person whom it is necessary to defend oneself against, whom it is not advisable to injure in any way.

He may be a pal who has lost his temper for a moment, or he may be someone whom you do not wish to offend, and there is no quicker way of offending a man of a certain type than by making him feel your superiority through physical pain.

This trick—it can scarcely be called a guard—meets such a case admirably.

As your man comes to grips with you, simply catch hold of the lapels of his jacket, thrust them backwards over his shoulders, them down over his arms. He is now your prisoner, powerless alike to injure to escape.

This may sound much too simple to convincing, but I invite you to try the trick one of your friends.

KNOCKING OFF.

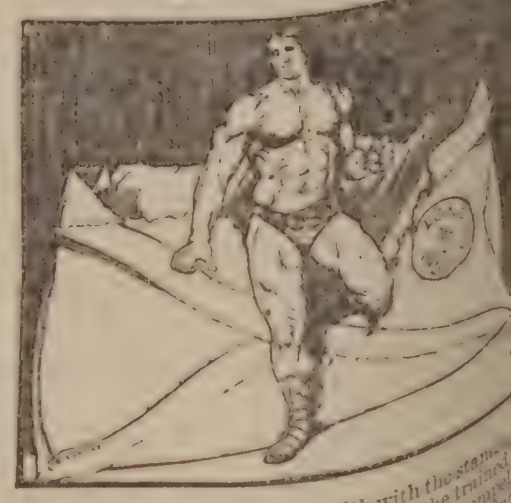
More than once I have cautioned [illegible] stopping physical culture because [illegible] inclined for it. In nine cases out [illegible] inclination is merely the result [illegible] in the tenth case it is nature's [illegible] "Beware."

If you have pluck, you will be able to difference between the two conditions. disinclination that comes from [illegible] easily be fought, and it disappears [illegible] after you have been a minute or two at cises, but the other kind of tiredness budge, and it is only by sheer force of you can accomplish the exercises.

Under such circumstances, I should physical culture altogether for a while, and I should get to bed as early as possible lie as long as I could in the morning, also take a dose of medicine and [illegible]

By the end of the week I should be fiddle, and should be once more ready by physical culture.

Strength by Ma



IF YOU would enjoy perfect health with the stam- and glorious strength and development of the train write for my terms. To the man whom business compels a sedentary life my system of Home Training will bring and strength and make **"strong in work and play."** Improved health and increased [illegible] receives an equivalent in every-day busines a return of my fee one hundred times over.

A Course of my Exercises will prove the most profitable investment you ever made.

I undertake to cure every-day ailments **under guarantee.** Recommended by C. B. Premier Athlete, whose opinion is suppor pupils. A Post Card will bring you term "Health at Home," illustrated, interesting Delays are dangerous. **DO IT NOW.**

T. INCH, Physical Culture Expert, Dept. M.M., The Broadway, Fulham, L

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Try it One Week—FREE!

Over 100,000 Free Trial Bottles already distributed.

If YOU suffer from any Nerve Complaint, however trivial or severe, we ask you to try **BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS** at our expense.

The demand for BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS is growing by leaps and bounds.

STRONG HEALTHY NERVES

produce perfect activity of every organ of the body. Men and Women with debilitated nerves have every bodily organ in working order. This means general health, with turns of wretched and miserable dependency.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS is the true natural method whereby Strong, Healthy Nerves can be secured. By its incomparable aid you EAT BETTER, SLEEP BETTER, WORK BETTER—EVERYTHING IS BETTER—the Brain, Heart, Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Digestion, and Blood, all work to perfection under the balance and influence of the vigorous positive current of nerve force produced by BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS.

We cannot offer better PROOF than to give you the opportunity of testing this remedy FREE. Actions speak louder than words, and we rely on the intrinsic MERITS of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS to make it the WORLD-WIDE REMEDY for ALL NERVOUS TROUBLES.

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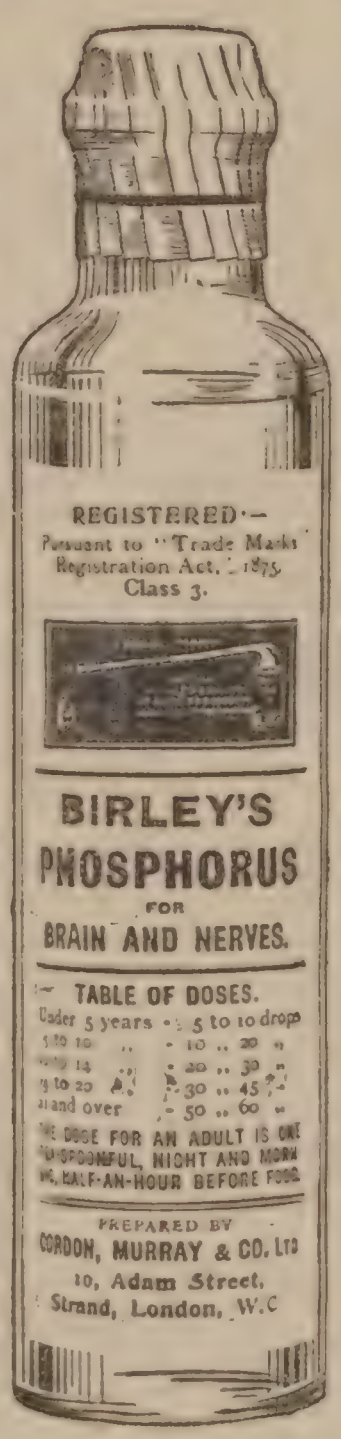
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BIRLEY'S
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FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - ½ to 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
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THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEASPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
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10, Adam Street,
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The intrinsic merits of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS are winning for it life-long friends.

SIGNS OF NERVE TROUBLE.

The symptoms of a debilitated nervous system are legion, and under this heading we have a whole host of neurotic complaints:

BRAIN FAG,	NAUSEA,
NEURALGIA,	LOSS OF MEMORY,
HEADACHE,	FAINTNESS,
SLEEPLESSNESS,	ST. VITUS' DANCE,
NERVOUS INDIGESTION,	TREMBLING,
PALPITATION,	VERTIGO or GIDDINESS,
HYSTERIA,	PRESSURE in the HEAD,
NEURITIS,	SINKING SENSATIONS,

and in addition the somewhat **Vague and Undefined Nervous Conditions** (yet real and distressing to the patient) of

NEURASTHENIA, viz.:

OVER-SENSITIVENESS,	IRRITABILITY,
LASSITUDE,	RESTLESSNESS,
ILL-TEMPER,	MELANCHOLIA,
VAGUE FEARS,	MOROSENESS, and
DESPONDENCY or DEPRESSION,	GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY and
MORBID FOREBODINGS,	MENTAL EXHAUSTION,

with inability to concentrate the mind. Each and every one of these distressing conditions can, however, be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

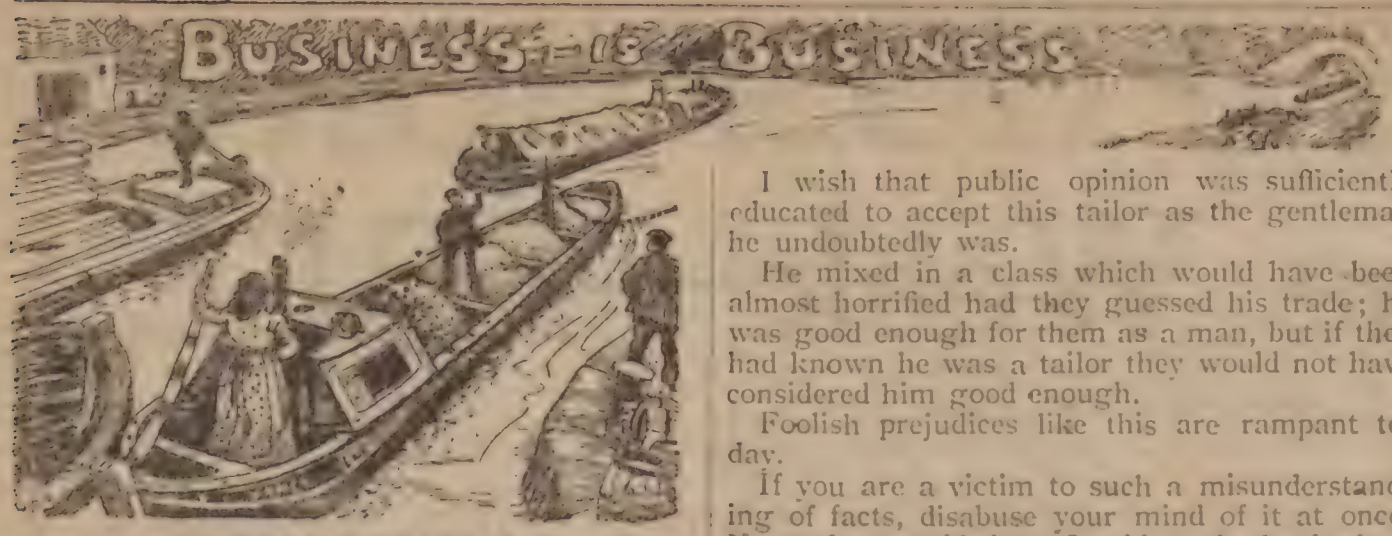
Cures all Nerve Complaints.

Remember:—Worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities all oppress and debilitate the nervous system and pave the way for all manner of complaints. Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system. As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is indispensable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. You will be wise to fill in the coupon and secure a FREE Trial Bottle of this magnificent nerve restorative without delay.

SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 20) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray, and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Despatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a Week's Supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. ONE Trial Bottle *only* to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, etc., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

BUSINESS AND "CLASS."

Social distinctions should have no consideration whatsoever in the world of business.

Your game is to make money, and if you make it honestly in a small grocer's shop, you are every bit as good—so far as your business can affect your social standing—as the stockbroker.

In fact I think that, from a business morality point of view, you are a trifle better, for, though you are working in a small way, you are serving a useful purpose in the world of commerce, while he is making his livelihood by juggling with finance.

At the same time I am not setting up any foolish theory that every man is as good socially as his neighbour.

A man's social status depends on his breeding, upbringing and education, and is not affected either for good or ill by the business which he follows in later life.

I point these things out because I should like to disabuse the minds of some readers of certain deep-rooted prejudices. The sons of well-to-do parents are much disinclined to go in for any mechanical trade, and I think they are most unwise in this respect.

There are many like themselves who want a genteel job, and the market for this class of work is further glutted by the large army of men who are daily turned out by our board schools, half-educated, and who are desirous of following some occupation which they consider a bit more "class" than that of their fathers.

That is why genteel jobs are so badly paid.

It is also very difficult to rise in them, for the majority of your competitors have as good an education as yourself.

Much better is it, as a rule, to fix your choice on a trade or business which is not adopted by the majority of your class.

In this way you are bringing to your venture new ideas, and you are more likely than another to make it go well.

One of the finest sportsmen and gentlemen that I ever knew was a tailor.

He kept his business a secret from the majority of his acquaintances, and only his intimate friends knew it. I quite forgive him for this, because in the sporting circle in which he mixed there was, and is, a distinct prejudice against tailors, who are supposed to know nothing beyond the use of their scissors and tape.

He used to come up to town dressed in a smart tweed suit, often of a fairly loud pattern, but you would never find him in his shop in anything but a black frock-coat with the regulation vest and trousers. I suppose he must have changed in some private room.

He was as keen on his business during business hours as he was on sport during his leisure time, but when evening came there was nothing of the tailor left about him.

He was not a man who allowed his means of earning a livelihood to stamp him with its brand. He took the sensible view of making it simply a way of getting that money which he required for his use and enjoyment.

I wish that public opinion was sufficiently educated to accept this tailor as the gentleman he undoubtedly was.

He mixed in a class which would have been almost horrified had they guessed his trade; he was good enough for them as a man, but if they had known he was a tailor they would not have considered him good enough.

Foolish prejudices like this are rampant today.

If you are a victim to such a misunderstanding of facts, disabuse your mind of it at once. No trade—provided, as I said at the beginning, that it is an honest one—can degrade a man, and nobody whose friendship is worth having will consider you degraded by it.

If your people have been stockbrokers, doctors or solicitors, and you feel inclined to keep shop, keep shop. Some of your old friends will cut you, but they are better lost now than later, for they are not of the type that is worth cultivation.

The main thing is to get money, to get it without having to work too hard for it, and to get plenty of it as early as you can in life; and I consider that the so-called "common" trades are more likely to serve you in this respect than the so-called "genteel" ones.

THE ENEMY.

Solomon warns his readers not to eavesdrop when their servants are talking together, for they may be both pained and surprised at hearing their employees' secret opinions of them. I have often wondered whether Solomon was speaking from personal experience and had tried the experiment of listening at the keyhole while his clerks were discussing him.

It is I suppose a perfectly natural instinct for a man to see the bad qualities of his employer. As Lord Cairns once remarked: "Working for somebody else means that I subordinate my pleasure to his." Making some other man's will your own, for a certain number of hours daily unquestionably fosters a certain amount of irritation and resentment, and you begin to see the worst side of that man's character.

To talk unfavourably about your employer may be to give yourself a sort of safety valve, and there may seem to be no particular danger in this unless the employer happens to overhear you. But there is danger, even if you think the thoughts that you are voicing.

The best way to make oneself more useful to any employer, and thus to qualify for an increase of salary, is to put yourself metaphorically exactly in the employer's shoes, and to look at things from his view-point. If you cultivate this habit you will find yourself discovering small improvements which would be to your employer's interest, and the adoption of which would strengthen your own position. To foster a spirit of antagonism, on the other hand, though it be to a certain extent justified, is to make it impossible for you to see things as your employer sees them, and impossible therefore for you to be of the fullest service to him, and consequently to yourself.

LIMITED EARNINGS.

There is a foolish tendency amongst employers to limit the earnings of their staff. A case recently came under my notice where an employer threatened with dismissal a clerk who, he discovered, was adding to his income by insurance canvassing in his spare time.

How the clerk spent his spare time was, of course, no business of the employer's, provided that it was not spent in a manner detrimental to the latter's interests, and under that category insurance canvassing could certainly not be put. Probably he felt that his clerk might get uppish if he were able to earn ten shillings a week or so outside the office; it might in fact breed a spirit of independence in the clerk, [illegible] worthy the name would not of course [illegible] growth of an independent spirit, and we [illegible] in this instance, unfortunately by no [illegible] unique one, an example of the foolish [illegible] authority which some employers still [illegible] to exercise.

I received a complaint recently from a [illegible] canvasser who had been offered a small commission on all new orders which he might [illegible] The understanding was that the commission should be paid not only on the initial order, but on the permanent account of that customer. This canvasser was enterprising, and soon succeeded in securing a number of very profitable customers, and by means of his commission brought his salary from £1 a week to over £2. This ought to have been a source of keen satisfaction to the grocer, for every sixpence [illegible] he was paying to his canvasser meant that he was putting 19s. 6d. into his own pocket; but on the pretence that his assistant was too young to be earning so much money, he announced that this district would in future be divided, and the canvasser now found his commission docked by half, the other part finding its way to the pockets of an old canvasser who had previously failed to secure any orders in that very district.

Annoyed at what he rightly considered an injustice, and determined to bring up his wages the 40s. to which he had become accustomed, my reader set about working up the small district now allotted to him, and once more found himself earning, with wages and commission, over £2 a week. He fears that the grocer will once more become jealous of his takings and will again deprive him of his commission, and he asks my advice as to what he ought to do.

If the grocer tampers with the commission a second time, I should recommend my reader to seek employment elsewhere. He appears to have a turn for canvassing that would make him successful anywhere, and he will probably never regret the bold step of giving notice.

AN INSTITUTION THAT HAS ALREADY MADE HISTORY.

BRILLIANT RECORD.

Among the interesting events in the banking [illegible] perhaps the most prominent is the [illegible] ment of the Head Office premises of Farrow's Bank, Limited, the handsome building adjacent to the famous No. 1, Cheapside, opposite the General Post Office, having been acquired by the Directors, structurally altered to meet the rapidly-increasing demands of the Bank's rapidly-increasing business, and commodiously furnished for the convenience of the large number of customers, depositors, and others having transactions at the principal establishment of the Bank.

The genesis of Farrow's Bank is [illegible] connected with the admirable efforts made by Thomas Farrow, Chairman and Managing Director of the Bank, to remove from the fair face of the land that hideous and devastating social curse of [illegible] usury. He boldly, though modestly, launched the comprehensive scheme of Farrow's Bank, essentially a People's Bank, a Bank for men, for women, and even for children, an institution which, in [illegible] years of its existence, has strictly adhered to the programme of catering for the whole community, for the great and the small, exciting the admiration of the many, and commanding the respect of all.

By living up to its present brilliant record, and adherance to its laudable integrity of [illegible] Farrow's Bank bids fair to be classed as one of the epoch-making institutions of the century.

To all its other functions, Farrow's Bank [illegible] the monthly publication of "Farrow's Bank [illegible] full of expert financial notes, aids to readers of other not only useful but highly interesting [illegible] ation; and "The Gazette" [illegible]

The Bank has Branches, [illegible] Agencies throughout the kingdom. [illegible] at the Golden West Exhibition. [illegible] attracted the attention of a number [illegible] 40-page illustrated pamphlet, [illegible] and work of the Bank, will be sent [illegible] person sending a postcard to the [illegible] Cheapside, E.C.

FREE TRIAL OF Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells

FOR EVERY READER OF "MODERN MAN."

WITH every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This Chart contains One Month's initiatory course of Exercises suitable for the average Man or Youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

If, after using these Dumb-bells for Seven Days free, you decide to keep them, send us a deposit of **2/6**, and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2/6 per month, which only means the small sum of **One Penny per Day.**

Everyone has heard of the wonderful career of Eugen Sandow, who, although a delicate lad whose life was often despaired of, by his own efforts made himself the strongest man the world has ever known, and by performing feats of strength of unparalleled magnificence, defeated every strong man who appeared against him, and won for himself a name which will live for ever.

Such a career is of interest to every young man who wishes to improve his health and strength, for it shows that success is to be obtained by those who put their whole heart and soul into their efforts.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells are now acknowledged to be the most perfect Physical Appliance ever invented, and hundreds of thousands of pairs are in daily use in every country on the face of the earth. They are equally suitable for the weakest and the strong; their resistance can be adjusted to the strength of the user, and increased as occasion arises. They are a complete Physical Culture Outfit, and occupy a foremost place in the appliances used by the world's best athletes, wrestlers, footballers, and athletes generally.

From five to fifteen minutes' exercise daily with this apparatus will give health and strength to the weakest and increased strength and stamina to the strong. Exercise with the Dumb-bells quickly develops the muscles of the arms, deepens and strengthens the chest; whilst exercises are also provided for developing the leg muscles and improving the general physique.

The user of Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells quickly becomes "as fit as a fiddle" and "as strong as a lion." **You can put three inches on your chest measurement** and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the Grip Dumb-bells fifteen minutes a day for three months.

Don't delay, fill in the form below, and try them for yourself, you will then know they do more than we claim for them.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall, *Date*.....190
Burleigh Street, Strand.

Gentlemen,—Please send me by return one pair * of your

Gentlemen's Spring Grip Dumb-bells at	**12s. 6d.**	...	Suitable for age 18 and upwards.
Youths' " " " "	**10s. 6d.**	...	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " " "	**10s. 6d.**	...	16 upwards.

This order is given on condition that after seven days' *Free Trial* should I decide to keep the Dumb-bells, I may return them direct to the above address and no charge whatsoever will be made.

Signed.....

Address.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.

CONVENTIONALITY.

A PROTEST.

The other day, walking in the Strand, I came upon a lost dog, which, after the manner of lost dogs, made up to me.

I stooped and patted the little chap, and then examined his collar to see if there were any name plate so that I could either take or send him to his home.

I suppose I was only a few seconds attending to the vagrant, but when I raised my head I was astonished, and not a little indignant, to find myself the centre of quite a large crowd, who seemed to be intensely interested in my proceedings.

Not only were they interested, but they seemed to be amused, and as I walked away in search of a messenger boy, having found the dog's address, I heard more than a smothered laugh.

I am not concerned with the ill-manners of a London crowd, or the fatuous way in which they will collect and gaze open-mouthed at the most ordinary sights of the streets, from a man cleaning a window to a workman eating his lunch, but I did not and cannot understand why the little lost dog and I should almost have held up the traffic of one of the world's busiest streets.

I daresay the truth is that I did something unconventional. Yet what a reflection it is on modern conventionality if it be unconventional to look after a stray dog!

Personally, I should call myself a very conventional man. I think it is foolish to run counter to the accepted customs of the majority of one's fellow-men, and as a rule the man who deliberately aims at unconventionality in dress or manner is a conventional Philistine of Philistines, because all the time he is conventionally eccentric.

But the dog incident sticks in my mind. I was unconventional because I took a little trouble over a forlorn and unhappy animal. A pretty commentary, indeed, on our modern humanity!

A fig for such conventionality, say I! It is bred by selfishness out of cowardice, and I had rather be esteemed a madman, than be conventional on those Pharisaical lines.

And, in truth, though we hear a lot about the increased freedom of the sexes, more especially of women, we grow more and more conventional every day.

Many people will dispute this. They will say, "What nonsense! Look at men's clothes, and how we have abolished convention in them. A man now puts comfort first in his dress, and we are no longer the slaves of the top-hat and frock coat fetish. Or, again, look at women, convention once ruled that a lady should not be seen in a public restaurant, or even walk in the streets alone. We have changed all that and for the better. There are many other directions in which we have become less conventional, less formal."

Maybe, but these were very superficial forms of conventionality. We may have got rid of them, but at heart we are more conventional than ever we were.

There never was a time when men thought less for themselves, or were more swayed by other people's opinions.

We take our politics, our religion, our habits from the newspapers, buying them ready-made. We rule our actions by those of our neighbours, and we are obsessed by the fear of what other people may think of us.

How many men go to church on Sunday to worship, and how many go simply because their fellow men and women are in the habit of going—because it is the conventional thing to do?

According to present-day ideas, to be human is to be unconventional. At least, on no other supposition can I explain the fact that a crowd gathered and gaped at me because I was kind to a little, lost dog.

OLIVER STOKES.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XVI. CLEARING THE AIR.

"Gad! this is life, if you like!" exclaimed Richard with a heartfelt accent; and he tilted his chair back and surveyed what was left of breakfast, partly in regret that it was over, partly in satisfaction for what he had received.

Truly the fare provided by Mrs. Graill, wife of John Graill, farmer, did credit to her understanding of the tastes of men. Slices from a side of home-cured bacon whose relative member still hung from the low smoke-blackened ceiling, eggs fresh and creamy, ditto butter, bread such as can be made only by the countrywoman, and honey equally the production of home, all in quantities galore and attacked by a razor-edge appetite—little wonder that regret mixed with appreciation when the meal was over.

"It makes my heart glad to hear ye say it," observed Mrs. Graill, but her eyes were on her son's face and there, as was easy to see, was the cause of her gladness.

Since Jim had walked in that wonderful evening not long ago and announced that the prodigal had returned—and returned for good—there was not a happier home in England than the farmstead of the Graills.

The additional news that Richard Selby had appointed him his secretary was no more wonderful than the fact of his return. Mrs. Graill did not question how either had come about. Sufficient was it that Jim had come home. As for her husband John, if he had any inquisitiveness about it he kept it to himself. Here, too, in all probability, was a simple thankfulness, allied to a belief that when Providence restores happiness it does it ungrudgingly—both hands filled.

To Richard's recorded remark there came from Jim:

"Hooray!" Then a prodigious sigh as he glanced at the cuckoo clock and got to his feet with visible reluctance. "Ten minutes to six," he said. "Must make a start, I suppose."

Richard was already through the door and on his way to the stables. He and Jim rode together into Moulden and six o'clock invariably witnessed their departure.

A warm friendship had sprung up between the two men. Richard's feelings were mainly pride in Jim's brave efforts to wipe out every stain of the folly that had disfigured his past life—an endeavour in which he seemed to be succeeding surprisingly well.

If there was one drawback to Richard's regard for him it was the almost dog-like fidelity that Jim showed, in business and out of it.

In business, though the footing of friendship was dropped by mutual consent, Richard proved him a sound, alert and conscientious servant. Outside he was a loyal if devil-may-care companion.

During his absence from home he appeared to have been all things in all parts of the world, embracing such diversities of place and occupation as horse-breeder in Sarawak, potman in Johannesburg, evangelist in the States, and certain even less reputable positions common to the nomad who is careless and uncared for.

Riding to and from Moulden in Jim's company, Richard came to hear a good deal of it and much amusement it gave him. Jim had that rare gift of being able to entertain with tales of himself without deserving the title of braggart. And Richard had the gift, rarer still, of judging the character of a man quite apart from the words he uttered.

It is surprising how little justice we do ourselves even when our self-expression is sincere and free from conceit. The eye of Richard's penetration always dug down to the metal in the man; and he knew that Jim Graill rang true.

This morning they rode along in comparative silence. There had been a shower, and the air was splendid with the scent of summer. Both loved the earth, and each would have hated an attempt by the other to put his feelings into words.

Richard reined in his horse as they were passing the gates leading to the drive that wound through Bagley Park to the home of the Lyons.

"A place like that would just suit me," he observed idly, as if the idea had just occurred to him.

"And you'll have one," promptly agreed Jim; "that is, if you set your heart on it."

Richard returned no immediate answer, but he seemed to be debating something.

When at last he did speak the heat of his words made Jim stare at him in perplexity.

"What the hell's the good," he said, "if a man's got to enjoy it alone?"

And the wisdom of wide experience persuaded Jim to offer no solution to the question.

II.

Once in his office all temperamental peculiarities disappeared from Richard Selby. He sat down at his desk and set about opening the morning mail. The office staff, arriving punctually at 8.30, always found the letters referring to their work already on their desk.

Those who worked for Richard Selby found themselves subservient to an iron discipline. Lethargy he tolerated in none, but celerity, initiative, and, beyond all, ambition he encouraged and rewarded handsomely. The result was that in a very short time he had round him a staff of keen and strenuous men who thought themselves lucky in working for him, and thought him no less lucky to have the opportunity of such workmen—which was precisely the spirit Richard desired.

New methods in Richard's opinion were generally best methods. He did not want an employee in his place to be worth less than his salary, and he wanted that salary to be higher than competitors could afford to pay. That would ensure loyalty and establish his business not merely as a money-gainer for himself but as an acquisition to others.

This morning he travelled through the task of opening his letters rapidly, pausing once to pick out an envelope and fling it on to Graill's desk. Graill was expected to be perpetually in his office until instructions for the day had been given out. After that, Richard was here, there and everywhere, not seldom putting in an hour or two at a machine, and open to the personal intercourse of everybody in the place. The only thing he barred was superfluous interrogation.

A smothered exclamation made Richard look up. Graill appeared to have uttered it on perusing the letter he had passed over. The letter had been addressed to Graill personally, and evidently it contained bad news, for his face was ashen.

The busy motion of Richard's fingers did not cease and he dropped his glance, scanned an order whose dimensions should have brought the light of elation to his eyes, and rose to his feet, a bundle of papers in his hands.

Graill wiped a hand quickly over his forehead and stood up also. The letter he placed in his pocket and thus intimated that the [illegible] agitation he would keep to himself. [illegible] moment the incident was dismissed [illegible] Richard's mind.

Soon after eleven o'clock, following [illegible] phone conversation on the trunk line, [illegible] disappeared into a small inner private room [illegible] emerged presently, having discarded a service[illegible] able riding get-up for a well-fitting trouser suit [illegible]

"I'm going to Brum," he told Graill. [illegible] at five o'clock. If anything urgent [illegible] wanting my attention wire or telephone [illegible] Colonnade up to four-fifteen."

"One moment, sir," said Graill hastily; [illegible] he hesitated as if doubtful whether to ask [illegible] was in his mind.

"I wanted to get off for a couple of hours [illegible] afternoon if I could," he added.

"What time?"

"Say three to five."

"Right."

Richard gave him a keen, curious [illegible] it was curious solely because Graill did [illegible] him in the face when he made his [illegible] Richard did not like a man not to look [illegible] the face and he knew something [illegible] occurred about which Graill was either [illegible] shame or fear. He had a lightning impression [illegible] that it was something to do with his past [illegible]

Well, unless Jim—and here his [illegible] dictated by affection, dropped the surname [illegible] longing to business hours—unless Jim cared [illegible] take him into his confidence he could not [illegible] examine him about it or proffer help. [illegible] Jim was aware that help, unstinting [illegible] questioning, had only to be asked for [illegible] given.

III.

At five o'clock Richard was back, [illegible] quarter of an hour afterwards saw him [illegible] in his comfortable working clothes. Graill was [illegible] nowhere to be seen, and he wanted him. [illegible] went out into the general office.

"Mr. Graill not back yet?" he inquired. [illegible] receiving a negation he nodded as if [illegible] the answer he expected. In authority [illegible] was second only to himself, and Richard did [illegible] not intend to advertise any lapse of punctuality [illegible] on his part.

Six o'clock came and the secretary had [illegible] returned. An hour later Richard had finished [illegible] work for the day, but still he lingered about [illegible] works.

Graill had not taken his horse with him [illegible] he went out and Richard waited, expecting [illegible] he would return for it to carry him [illegible] Deeper than this, too, was the conviction [illegible] something was wrong. That expression [illegible] seen on Graill's face was not a good [illegible] a man to have. He waited on.

At nine o'clock it was nearly dark [illegible] Richard came to the conclusion that Jim [illegible] have gone home by train. He could [illegible] adequate excuse for uneasiness, but [illegible] certainly felt, and he made his way [illegible] stables, anxious now to be [illegible] away.

Reaching the doorway he heard [illegible] step, and turning he saw Jim crossing [illegible] towards him. At the sight of him Jim [illegible] a sudden halt and looked as if he were [illegible] bolt. Richard called him peremptorily [illegible] switched on the electric light inside [illegible]

Jim entered slowly, his head [illegible] but his eyes left the floor and fixed [illegible] as if propelled by determination.

"Four hours' late," said Richard [illegible]

"How's that?"

Graill swallowed and shifted his [illegible] he made no reply.

"I'm off home now," said Richard, [illegible] his silence as inability to explain. He preferred [illegible] even that to lying excuse. "Coming?"

Graill swallowed again and spoke huskily. [illegible]

"No, I'm not coming. I'm leaving you. [illegible] clearing the country."

He lifted his eyes now, and spoke as a man [illegible] who has decided.

"Why?" demanded Richard sharply.

... tell you," replied Jim in a dry

... you come back for, then?"

... going to take the horse. I—I"—flung back his head defiantly—"I ... steal it."

... damned!" said Richard at once. "I ... of the animal, didn't I? ... talk such blamed rubbish! ... trouble."

... head.

... sh. D'ye think I'm going to ... like this—you, one of the best pals

Jim flung out a hand. "It's worse ... I've got to go, or—or play the

... sounds interesting," said Richard. ... trying to force you to go back on me ... than do that you were going to bolt.

... he said. "It's all damnably ... can't be helped now. Play and ... always go together. And you never ... the paying's done."

... moralising," said Richard. "Let's ... the yarn."

"Well, you know I had a letter this morning. ... man I used to work with in New ... mind what at."

... put in Richard. "You'd better ... all."

... a cracksman." Jim's voice had ... tion of despair. "But he's trying ... said he saw me on the road one ... morning, found it was me all right, ... When we met he told me I ... a hundred quid." He gave a ... gh. "If I hadn't got it I knew ... it. And anyhow I was to do it or—

... always like to know the threat," said

"Or what?"

... you my past career."

Lord!" Richard exploded into a ... "What a lark! But what the deuce ... that to trouble you?"

... thought you'd be getting sick of me ... several things I've done. I can't ... what I felt about it. You've ... —"

... muttered Richard.

... And there's the old folks! It ... information did me no harm with ... he'd got a lever with me ... me, Dick"—his face worked ... was only the thought of them ... that prevented me from twisting his ... now and then. Sooner than they ... Oh, it's living hell to have ... those one loves *ashamed!*"

... is past," observed Richard, ... pressure of emotion always made ... Thing is to see things are ... Where's this interesting ... found?" Jim told him. "H'm! ... cocksure, putting up at the ... place. You still follow the bad ... carrying a revolver, don't you? Well, ... probably be useful to-night. Just hand it

... intuition?" asked Jim, obeying.

... to-night. Both me and ... hour. If I'm not back ... George.' Not a minute ... I'll be back much sooner."

... pleaded Jim. "Curse it, ... you shoulder my troubles?"

... all," said Richard, "except that ... as well, and I've such a pro- ... dislike for worry of any kind that I ... shift it *quick*."

... his rapid stride had carried ... motion, and the man he was ... found on inquiry to be in the ... There was an undoubted ... about his clothes and the angle of ... The ... low, pox-marked face, too, ... and determined. Richard realised that here was a formidable customer.

"I want one minute in private," said Richard softly

"Name?" asked the man with a lightning glance.

"Richard Selby."

"Ah!"

The cigar jerked up as his teeth tightened on it. The man thought a moment and then led the way upstairs to his bedroom. Inside he wheeled, hands in coat pockets.

"If you're clutching a revolver," said Richard quietly, "it's no good in this situation, my friend."

The man bared yellow teeth in a smile, probably at his *sang-froid*.

"That's as maybe," he said.

"Blackmail gets a worse penalty than any crime in this country," said Richard. "Fifteen years you might get. Ten for certain."

"U—m! You're cool, young sir. But our friend Jim might get that, too, if I liked to open my mouth."

"You'll have to hurry. He's been opening it to me himself for the last hour."

The man exclaimed fierce incredulity.

"Fact is," continued Richard, lying manfully, "I've suspected Jim of safe-breaking proclivities for some time. You came on the scene a little late with your threats. Didn't he tell you? Ha! we had the detectives waiting on his return. Queer coincidence it should be the very day you looked him up, but things happen that way. He saw the game was up—so now you know why I'm here."

"I'm darned if I do," said the other, who was preserving composure with difficulty.

"I want evidence from you of his former career," said Richard persuasively.

The man's hand moved in his pocket, but he was late. An arm shot out, and the black eye of a revolver covered him.

"All right," said the man easily, and Richard could not but admire his nerve. "But I can't give you what you want, because the only evidence I've got is in my head. And, my iceberg friend, I'll see you in purgatory before I open my jaw to give young Jim away."

"You'll tell what you know," threatened Richard, fingering his revolver.

"Nary a syllable."

The man thrust his hands into his trouser pockets and appeared to enjoy Richard's helplessness. Richard eyed him, and all at once he gave way to impotent rage.

"We'll see about that," he stormed. "We'll see about that to-morrow when the authorities arrest you for an accomplice."

And with that he flung open the door and banged it behind him.

As quickly as he had come, he returned to the works, and Jim's anxious face greeted him in the doorway.

"Get in, you fool!" said Richard. "We've to steal out of Moulden like thieves in the night. You needn't worry. That desperado friend of yours will be doing the same thing, slicker than either of us. Jim, my boy, he'd got the instincts of a sportsman, as you'll see when I tell you the tale. Lord, though, the accomplished liar I am!"

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

SPECTATORS' RIGHTS.

From time to time we read of trouble at cricket matches, where the crowd breaks into the pitch or otherwise makes a disturbance, because the umpires have decided that the weather or the light is not good enough for the game to be continued.

It is argued by ardent cricketers that the public have no right to dominate the game in this manner, that a cricket match is not a turn at a music-hall, and that the fact of having paid 6d. does not in any way entitle the spectators to see play.

The suggestion that the crowd should not be allowed to rule the game is a perfectly just one. The influence of the crowd is already too much felt in football, where many players have learnt in consequence of it to strive rather for exhibition than for good sportsmanship; and it would be a pity to see the same thing in the realm of cricket.

There is no reason, however, why both parties should not be satisfied. If the gate money were always returned in the event of no match, the spectators would depart without causing any disturbance.

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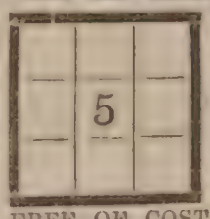

FREE. In the centre of the diagram you see a fig. 5. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the remaining squares so that the columns add 15 up and down, across, and from corner to corner. If correct, and you comply with the simple condition we shall send you, A HANDSOME WATCH (guaranteed 10 years) will be sent you ENTIRELY FREE OF COST. Send your answer NOW, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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A COSTER'S CONFESSIONS

By A SUCCESSFUL BARROWMAN.

What starts me to write is seeing in a paper a statement made by one of our chaps that his earnings in a week never amounted to more than twelve shillings. If it's true, he's some special kind of duffer.

I'll admit that the average coster seldom makes much over a pound a week, but his takings just as seldom fall below that figure. It's want of push that's the matter with most of them, or they'd make more than that.

When I started this line I had to do it in a very small way, as I hadn't the necessary brass to buy an outfit and was obliged to hire. Besides that, I could not afford to buy in sufficient quantities to make it worth while for the wholesalers to trouble with me, and so I had to submit to the big prices charged by the middlemen.

I was still in this unhappy condition when I entered for a barrow race at the Costermongers' Sports at Kensal Rise Grounds. Whether the other fellows had eaten too much for dinner, or whether they had got confused over the grandeur of the prize—a barrow stocked with fruit—I don't know. Anyway, one of them started to run across the field instead of along it; and another sat down, but this was maybe accident, when we were only four yards away from the starting line. The main thing to me was that I won the prize.

By this time I had saved thirty shillings, which was just enough to buy a donkey; so I got a suitable moke and still have him. His keep costs me about sixpence a day, and he never needs a visit from the vet.; I don't believe any donkey ever did.

RIVALLING THE TRADESMEN.

I was now in a fair way for doing good business, but I made up my mind to strike out a little from the usual run. I made Northcote Road, near Clapham Junction, my headquarters and started canvassing the houses like a regular greengrocer. I've made a lot this way. The other costers were not slow to follow my friendly lead, and the local tradesmen held a mass meeting to protest against our competition; but they couldn't stop us.

Doing without a middleman, I can buy bananas at three shillings a gross; I sell them at three a penny and make a shilling profit. On the better quality, costing four shillings a gross, I can make two shillings profit, for they sell two a penny. Bananas are not the most profitable thing we deal in, but we have them all the year round.

SEASON TRADE.

I don't suppose any business depends so much on the seasons as ours does, and keeping in the fashion is not a matter of choice with us but necessity. About Easter we get lily of the valley at eightpence a large bunch, and realise a shilling for it when we split it into small bunches. That's the best-selling spring flower, but some of our men manage to do a fair trade in Arum lilies at eightpence each in the West-End. My opinion, however, is that it's better to sell small and fast.

The strawberry season opens about the middle of June and lasts over July if we're lucky, and it's the fattest time of all the year for us costers. Four-and-a-half pound baskets I can sell at one-and-twopence each, and they only cost me eightpence. In one day I've sold as many as fifty, and that with sixpence profit on each made me twenty-five shillings in pocket.

Before the strawberry season is quite done, the cherries begin, and we count on doing fair business with them. I don't know whether you've ever noticed it, but round about our stalls in the cherry season you can generally see dignified old gents trying to dance cakewalks and finishing up with a kind of breakdown and then sitting out on the pavement, and all without a partner. The reason is that our customers eat the cherries and spit out the stones on the pavement, and a cherry stone is worse for making people fall than the much cursed banana skin, because you can't see it.

Towards the end of August we get the first of the English plums. They cost us about a penny a pound wholesale, and I've seen them even at fourteen pounds a penny, which practically means that the growers are giving them away. We can always get twopence a pound for them, so we do pretty well in that line.

In September we now have blackberries. It's only within the last few years that they've been seen on costers' barrows, and I believe I have the credit of having introduced them. When I was a kid in the country (for I wasn't born a London bird) I liked blackberries better even than sour apples, and the taste has remained with me. It struck me that if we could sell them at a moderate price they would catch on with the working classes in London, and so they have.

A SMALL CAPITALIST.

There is a side line which I'm developing as much as I can afford; that is lending out barrows. They cost me £3 each, and I have been able to pick up a good second-hand one for as little as a sovereign. As I get two shillings a week from those who rent them, you will see that I have a better return for my money than the Post Office or the giltest-edged securities would give me.

I am not a millionaire by a long chalk, but I'm making a comfortable living, all things considered. And, what's more, there's many another chap in the business doing just as well as me.

SAM BATES.

GETTING PHOTOGRAPHED.

There is nothing that will quicker take down your conceit than being photographed by a man who does not know his business. The result he produces is as unflattering as the reflection you see of yourself in a mirror where there is an element of green in the glass.

It is well worth your while to take pains to find out a good photographer. To be taken by a man about whom you know nothing, no matter how flash his show-cases may be, is to court disaster.

In every town of any size, you can find a photographer who is not only expert, but also cheap, and the only way to get his address is from your men friends. Do not ask the girls for a recommendation, for, strangely enough, some photographers are very good at girl portraiture, though they fail lamentably in the case of men.

You know from your own looking-glass that there is one aspect of you that shows up better than the others, and, in spite of anything the photographer may say to the contrary, you ought to select this pose when you are taken. It may be full pose, profile, or half-and-half, but you know better than he does which pose shows you to the best advantage.

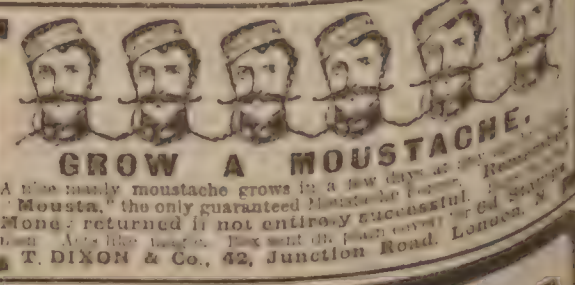
Never give an order for a dozen photographs, but always offer to pay for proofs only. Should the proofs turn out to be unsatisfactory, you have not then lost very much.

Don't let the photographer mislead you in the matter of accessories and backgrounds.

Some want all their sitters to [illegible] an imitation rustic gate; others [illegible] customers to stand beside a [illegible] elbow resting on it, and one leg [illegible] of the other.

If you must have "scenery," stick to a table and chair; but it is generally best [illegible] the background shaded out altogether.

Very often you can get excellent photo[illegible] taken by an amateur, and, as he usually work[illegible] in the open, the setting seems very natural and [illegible] pleasing. Make sure, however, by seeing some of his older work, that his photographs do not fade.



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Please Write Plainly.

WHICH IS THE CHEAPEST SPORT?

R THE MAN WHO IS LOOK-
FOR A NEW AMUSEMENT.
o the man whose in-
st in sport has but
ently been aroused, and
ose purse is no bigger
n it might be, the
estion as to the cost of
erent sports is an im-
tant one.

As one who has indulged
a good many sports,
experience may be of
ne assistance to him.
should advise him in
first place not to yield
prejudice. There are
ny sports which are re-
dly expensive, but which
be enjoyed, in a modi-
d form at least, by those
o have not very much money to spend. Let
therefore cast around and consider which
rt he likes best and then do his utmost to
ticipate in it, for in many cases he may be
e to find a means for enjoying it without
y much expense.

Such sports as salmon-fishing and fox-hunt-
are, I imagine, absolutely barred to the man
moderate means. I, at least, have never been
e to devise a way for enjoying them; but, on
other hand, shooting may be indulged in at
cost of only a gun license.

f you want to shoot game you must, of course,
e out the more expensive game license, but
can get as much sport as you want shooting
over greenshank and so forth with only a
n license for your justification.

T TO KNOW OTHER SPORTSMEN.

Always consult a local sportsman as to the
portunities offered by your particular district.
Dartmoor, for example, you can get a license
shoot over many thousands of acres for the
ole season for 10s. 6d.

Then there is rabbit shooting. You can make
angements with a local farmer to pot his
ound game for him on terms advantageous to
rself. Much depends upon the farmer. Some
ll want to have all the rabbits, leaving you
th nothing to meet the cost of your gun
ense, your 10s. per hundred for cartridges,
d your travelling expenses; others will be con-
t with one rabbit out of three, while still
ers will want to exact an actual cash rental.
Look about a bit, and make as good terms as
u can. One rabbit in three is a very fair
angement, and you ought to stick to that.

While we are still considering the sport of
ing things, it is worth while reminding you
at ratting requires no license, apart from the
ense which you have in any case bought for
ur dog.

ING WITHOUT FERRETS.

You will find ferrets extremely useful, but
ey are not absolutely essential to the enjoy-
ent of ratting, and a wisp of brown paper set
houldering and pushed into the rat holes will
nerally be found to bolt them almost as effec-
ally as a ferret.

It is scarcely necessary to remind you not to
y this game where the rat holes are under-
ath a barn or a building where fire might be
sed.

Horse-riding is regarded by the majority as a
ry expensive sport. It all depends on how you
e it.

It is not necessary to ride a thoroughbred in
der to enjoy the pleasures and benefits of horse
ercise. For my own part I have always ridden
rews, and have generally picked them up
eaply. £15 or £20 will buy you a very decent
ck if you go to the right quarter for it, while
s. 6d. to 15s. a week will meet the cost of its
ep.

If, however, this is beyond your reach, you may still indulge in an occasional ride at a cost of from 5s. to 10s. 6d. for a couple of hours. Hirers in small towns are generally willing to let you have a hack at a very moderate price, and even those in larger cities are open to consider a definite arrangement, provided you are likely to take a horse regularly.

If even hiring is beyond your means, you can still enjoy horse-riding by joining a mounted unit in the Territorials. The drills in the riding school are not, perhaps, as enjoyable as a spin through the open country, but they enable you to gratify your heart's desire by getting astride a horse.

Rowing again need not cost you much. A good boat can be picked up at the end of the season for a £5 note, while the storing of it during the winter will cost you another £3.

CLUB MEMBERSHIP.

You can hire a boat for the day from 6s. 6d. upwards; or for a guinea you can join a boat club, with the privileges of having a boat out when you like, and also of having a place in the eight if you are good enough.

As to fishing, you can do wonders at a small cost if you look about you. I am giving merely a few suggestions in this matter, and if you are fond of fishing I advise you to make acquaintance with some angling enthusiast in your own locality, for conditions vary with places.

You can get very good fishing in the Thames as far up as Staines for the small cost of a weir ticket, 10s. a year, and there are several other rivers which afford even greater advantages both from a sporting and pecuniary point of view. Ask a local expert whether the river nearest you is one of them.

Sea fishing is within everybody's reach. You can fit yourself up with a line, hooks and sinker complete for half-a-crown; or, if you want to invest in a rod, you can get a very good second-hand one for 15s., while another 10s. will supply you with a very reasonable assortment of tackle.

CRICKET AND CYCLING.

Cricket is one of the cheapest games, for as a member of a club you can enjoy it for an annual subscription of a guinea and very little further expense.

Cycling is not such a cheap amusement as is generally supposed, although, of course, it is one of the finest. A machine is not satisfactory after four years, and at the end of that time you are lucky if you get an offer of 30s. for it in these days of cheap new cycles. Add to this the cost of tyre renewals and repairs, and you will find that, although cycling is by no means an extravagant pastime, it is not by any means without its expenses.

Swimming can be enjoyed in many places without any cost whatsoever, provided you are lucky enough to live near the seaside or a large river, but most of us have to pay 2d. or more each time, even when we are club members, when we patronise a swimming bath.

Considering everything, and reckoning not only the cost but also the enjoyment derived, I should put down walking as absolutely the cheapest sport. Sport I consider it to be, for a long walk brings out all the pluck and endurance that is demanded by any other sport that is worthy of the name. For the enjoyment of walking the only cost that you have to meet is that of shoe leather, and even this need scarcely be named, for in most cases you will be using up boots that have been discarded for everyday wear.

L. MACEY.

FAMOUS TERRITORIAL CORPS.

IV. THE H.A.C.

One of the most important features of Mr. Haldane's Army scheme was the formation and organisation of Territorial Artillery Batteries and Transport and Supply columns, in both of which the old Volunteer Force was sadly deficient.

Practically the only Horse Artillery which could be taken over ready-made was the Honourable Artillery Company, which had formerly been a quite independent unit and no part of the Volunteer Force.

In April, 1908, it became part of the City of London Territorial Force, still, however, taking precedence not only above all Territorial units but also above militia or special reserve battalions. It also retains by special privilege the grounds and buildings of its splendid headquarters at Armoury House, Finsbury Pavement, which include a green field of over six acres—an oasis in the desert of the City, which, besides being invaluable for drill purposes, is also put to other uses by the various athletic clubs—cricket, football, hockey and so on—which exist within the corps.

The H.A.C. are the proud possessors of the longest history among the Auxiliary Forces.

They were granted a charter of incorporation by Henry VIII. in 1537, as the "Fraternity of St. George."

The Corps now consists of two batteries of Horse Artillery—each with their ammunition column—of which "A" Battery forms part of the London Mounted Brigade, while "B" Battery is attached to the London Brigade and allotted to the South Eastern Mounted Brigade—and also a battalion of Infantry, composed of four companies, which are attached as Army Troops to the London District.

The corps is almost entirely recruited from those whose daily work is done in the City, and officers and men alike begin on the lowest rung of the ladder. No doubt the service of the officers in the ranks has much to do with the high state of efficiency which the Corps has reached and maintained for years.

It has the advantage of experience over the newly-formed Territorial artillery, and the still further advantage that it is supplied with guns and has less difficulty than many other corps in obtaining horses.

Hence the way in which the H.A.C. can take their guns into action, and their performances with them on the range, are very nearly up to the standard of the Regulars.

The Captain-General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company is His Majesty the King, and the reigning Sovereigns have held this post for centuries.

Some of them have taken the most active interest in the Corps, and they have had every reason to be proud of it.

The present commanding officer is Lt.-Col. the Earl of Denbigh, a keen soldier and no mere figurehead.

There are many famous names on the roll of the Company through the long years it has existed, perhaps the most honoured being that of John Milton.

The corps is popularly supposed to be an expensive one to join, but, though it is not possible to get all the advantages for nothing, £5 a year should cover everything, and the membership of a good club, a fortnight in camp, a horse to ride, and the right to wear one of the smartest uniforms in the service, are by no means dear at that.

The social side of the Artillery Company has always been an important one, and smokers, dances and theatricals are held from time to time at Armoury House.

The Company has also a pavilion at Bisley, and many of its members are well-known figures on the ranges, for the infantry battalion has reached a high state of efficiency in the matter of musketry.

S. BOULTER.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

CHOOSING CLOTH.

There are various tests by which you can discover whether a suit length is, or is not all wool. You can take out a thread of the cloth, burn it and observe the cinder, and you can apply other tests, but I imagine that there are few men who would care to go through this process in a tailor's shop.

Most of us are content, and reasonably so, with the tailor's guarantee that the cloth is entirely of wool, and we are wise enough to select a suit the cost of which is sufficient to enable the material to be genuine.

What we are generally concerned with is the matter of colour.

I have had many suits in my day and I have discovered that there are comparatively few colours that do me anything like justice.

My hair is of a dull muddy hue—the colour that a man's hair gets if he was fair as a youngster—and I find that if I have a suit the colour of which approaches this particular shade, I do not look well.

I have one such suit, and when I put it on someone is sure to suggest that I look a bit run down, and to warn me to take care of myself.

The man with black hair seldom looks his best in a navy blue suit, and a man with red hair looks ridiculous in a light brown.

When you choose your suit let your selection rest upon something that does not in any way approach the colour of your hair.

WHEN GLOVES ARE WRONG.

There are gloves made for all purposes, but there are certain costumes with which I do not think they should be worn.

If a man is wearing riding togs, he seems to me to be rather dandified and unworkmanlike if he wears gloves—this, of course, if he is not actually riding or driving at the time, when necessarily he must protect his hands with suitable gloves.

I have seen men wearing gloves with a flannel suit, and here again there seems to be something inconsistent.

If the togs are sporting, one should be sportsmanlike and hardy enough to do without handcoverings. Women naturally protect their hands at all times to keep them white and smooth, but the browner a man's hands get the better he likes it—if he is the right type of man.

THE STRAGGLING END.

In the case of shoe laces, you tie them in as neat a bow as you can manufacture, and allow both the loops and the ends to straggle at their own free will; but with boots the ends should never be allowed to hang loose.

Every man has his own particular fancy in the matter of boot tying. Some put the lace once round the ankle and some tie it directly at the top hooks, but, whichever method you adopt, you should not allow either the loops or the ends of bootlaces to hang down; they should be tucked either inside the top of the boot or else inside the lace that encircles the ankle.

Particularly when you are wearing leggings, the straggling loose end looks unsightly and spoils the appearance of what might otherwise be a smart foot.

Attention to these little matters makes all the difference in your appearance.

CHEAP TIES.

At the present moment we are suffering from an epidemic of Summer sales. We always seem to have one type or another of sales on hand, with what object the shopkeepers themselves know best. I have already warned my readers to restrict themselves in the matter of cheap purchasing to such articles as underwear, pyjamas and so forth, things that do not, or at least should not, show in public.

The greatest temptation at sale time is to lay in a big stock of ties. You have long wanted to have a large assortment of neckwear and now you find an opportunity of getting this without a severe tax on your purse; but be very wary.

Cheap ties look well enough when you have the subduing plate glass of the shop window between you and them, but they do not look well without it. They will not look well on you, and they will not wear well.

The cheapest tie you can get is the dearest you can afford. It looks well all its life, and it lives very long.

CARELESSNESS IN DRESS.

I have no pity for the man who is so careless or unobservant that he does not learn those little points of good dressing that every man should know.

The other day I met a man in a railway carriage and he was wearing his bowler hat back to front—the bow was at the right side instead of at the left.

I suppose it was pure carelessness; he had put the hat on in this way at the beginning and it had bent itself to the shape of his head, but carelessness in these little matters is a thing to be guarded against.

HOME-DRESSED SHIRTS.

If you are lucky enough to be able to have your shirts dressed at home, the saving is a considerable one, but there is one point which you should impress upon your laundress.

Ten to one she bends the cuffs sharp across and cracks the outer covering of linen. I do not know how these things ought to be done, but I do know when the result is right. The shirt should come to you with the two sides of the cuff meeting and also flat, but without any trace of wrinkles or of a sharp crease at the middle where the cuff bends.

Point this out to your laundress and leave it to her ingenuity as to how she may best meet your wishes.

It is quite all right to have your coloured shirts dressed at home, but you should never have this done with white shirts or with collars. These are difficult problems which it takes a professional to face with any success.

SNIPPY HATS.

Snippy seems the best word to describe the hat generally favoured by the betting man.

It is not any larger than it need be, and the brim is very straight, whilst the bow, instead of being at the left hand side, generally lies somewhere about the back. Very often the threads tacking the loops have been cut away, and the bow, instead of being trim as on most bowlers, hangs limply downwards.

"No brim, no brain" is a saying which I have heard levelled at the man who likes a snippy hat.

Personally I would never wear a hat of this description, because I do not think it would suit my particular cast of beauty, or lack thereof. But, all the same, I try to be open-minded in the matter of clothes, and I frankly admit that a hat of this type suits some men uncommonly well.

You may remember that about eighteen months ago this type of hat was voted the only correct thing, but the fashion did not last long, for there were many whom it did not suit; but the others are quite right in sticking to it.

HANDS IN POCKETS.

The man who walks about with his hands in his trouser pockets, gives one the impression that he is wearing loose cuffs and is obliged to adopt this means to prevent them from falling over his fingers.

With riding breeches where there are frog pockets, however, it is a different matter, and somehow or another it seems the most natural thing in the world to stick your fingers into the top of the pockets, leaving your thumbs outside. This may look a bit rakish, but it does not look sloppy as in the case of trousers.

It is probably the sporting element about the breeches that makes the thing pardonable, for even with trousers that have front pockets it does not look well to wear the hands in them.

To put your hands in your jacket pockets is a very different matter. A man with broad shoulders and lean flanks, shows his figure to uncommon advantage when he puts his hands in his jacket pockets—this is, of course, when he is standing still. To have the hands in the pockets while you are walking never looks well whether you put them in the pockets of trousers, breeches or jacket. The natural thing is for the arms to swing easily at the sides when you walk, and unless you allow them to do so, your carriage cannot be a good or natural one.

TWO-SIDED TIES.

I recently had presented to me a tie of the fairly narrow variety. One side is black silk, and the other has sewn on to it a strip of light blue silk, leaving a border at each side.

I can wear this tie either as a black tie, as a blue and black tie, and I think it looks quite as well when reversed as it does on its black side.

This little tip may be useful to those readers who want to have what is equivalent to a couple of ties for the price of one.

IMPORTANT.

WHY not have your Suit cut by the man who fitted H.M. the KING?

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All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in anothe e Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable ney by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any rtisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

eritt's Guinea Trouser Presser and Stretcher.—xcellent condition; 10s. 6d.; very little used.—I. Nurse, Rosmont, Berlin Street, Wakefield.

utiful Flannel Suit.—Practically new; 34in. hest; 25s.; cost 52s. 6d.; owner in black.—Box 49, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

ts.—Gentleman wants pair Lady's Shape High eg boots; extra high Louis heels; large size.—ox 550, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, ondon.

r Brown Shooting Boots.—Size tens; cost 21s. 6d.; s. 6d., or offers.—Box 551, "The Modern Man," 7, Long Acre, London.

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y Flannel Suit.—In splendid condition; 37in. chest; nside leg, 31in.; 6s.; cheap.—Box 584, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

ck and White Check Suit; also a Brown one.—oth 36in. chest and 30½in. inside leg; 15s. the two; oo cheap for approval.—Box 585, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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r Sale.—Roach Pole, by Peek, London; length 9ft. 6in.; two tops; used twice; equal to new; 20s.; cost 30s. What offers?—Box 561, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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mnasium.—Wanted, an adjustable Vaulting Horse and Spring Board.—Write particulars, stating price to Box 563, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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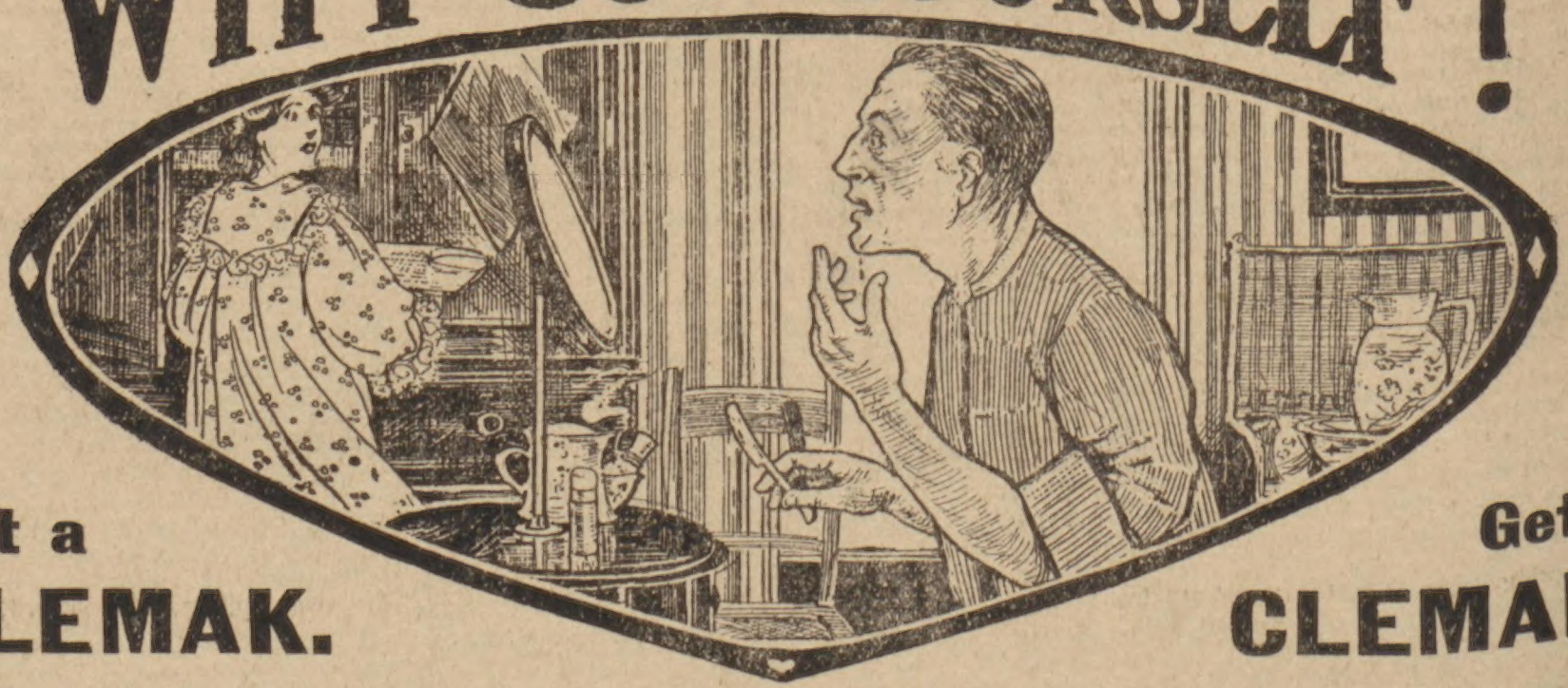

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